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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 345
THE ARMS SCANDAL 348
RUSSIA ENTERS THE LEAGUE. By Robert Dell. . 349
A LONDON DIARY 350
THIS ENGLAND 351
UKRAINIANS IN POLAND 351
CHRISTIANITY: ORTHODOX AND HETERODOX. By Harry Roberts 352
CORRESPONDENCE 353
From "K"; P. M. Pinto; M. S. Pollard; B. L. King; R. Trevor; Ambrose E. Appelbe; E. B. C. Jones.
THE COMING SEASON. By W. J. Turner. . . 356
ROGER FRY. By Desmond MacCarthy . . . 356
WHERE A WAR IS WANTED. By Ivor Brown . . 358
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . Page 358
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 360
REVIEWS:
Lloyd George in Excelsis. By Kingsley Martin. 361
A Frenchman in China. By Peter Quennell . 362
Joyce Without End. By G. W. Stonier . . 364
New Novels. By E. B. C. Jones 364
Lord Esher. By H. J. Laski 366
Sir Isaac Newton. By Richard Strachey . . 368
A New Soviet Library 369
SHORTER NOTICES 370
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 370
CROSSWORD 374
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador . . . 376

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE League Assembly has been slow in getting into its stride. Two matters have so far overshadowed everything else. The first is the entry of Russia, now happily accomplished after a good deal of bungling and a lamentable display of prejudice on the part of certain Governments and individuals. The second is the question of minorities which was raised in a truculent fashion by the Polish Foreign Minister last week. Colonel Beck's grievances and demands are not new—the Poles have pressed them before. What is new and serious is his announcement that Poland will repudiate the international protection of her minorities unless the same system is extended to other countries as well. In principle she has a strong case; ideally there is no reason why one State should be accountable to foreigners for its treatment of certain sections of its subjects and another not. Nor is the Polish Government the only transgressor against the rights of man.

Poland and the Minorities

But legally Poland is bound by the Treaty of Versailles and by the Upper Silesia Convention of 1922, and all Colonel Beck's critics, from the Foreign Ministers of France, Italy and Great Britain downwards, have been firm against such a unilateral denunciation of solemn contracts. And how pitiable, in fact, is the position of one of the racial minorities under Polish rule is shown by an article which we print on another page of this issue. The Germans, too, as well as the Ukrainians, have had many complaints to make about their treatment in Poland. In all the circumstances the League—feeble though it has been in the defence of the minorities—cannot well abandon its obligations; nor is there any likelihood that other States will consent to put themselves under the same regulation as the Poles. For the moment there is a deadlock, and the Sixth Committee of the Assembly will have the difficult task of finding a way out. We do not believe Poland will go to the length of leaving the League.

Mussolini S'en Va-t-en Guerre

Signor Mussolini has often talked of war and its glories and its virtues, but this has generally been treated as bombast. It seems, however, that he is serious, and that he intends to be taken seriously. The other day he was rebuking the press for reporting him in a namby-pamby way; he had praised militarism, and he meant militarism and not merely what timid fools called martial spirit. And now we are to see militarism brought down from the rostrum to the schoolroom. A scheme has just been promulgated under which military training is to be an integral part of the national education. There is none of your comic opera O.T.C. business about this. All the boys of Italy are to be prepared "spiritually, physically and militarily" for the profession of arms. They are to be coached in the "glorious traditions of war," and "military culture" is to be a regular subject in the curriculum of the

secondary schools. Nor will the boy be given a school-leaving certificate, nor the student be able to take a university degree, unless he has attained the proper standard of military proficiency. Whether this open worship of Mars in Italy is more sinister than its camouflaged counterpart in Germany is an arguable point. But considering Italy's position as a Great Power and her professions and obligations as a member of the League, Mussolini has even less excuse than Hitler for indoctrinating his youth with the ideals of the slaughter house.

Germany's Financial Problem

Sir Frederick Leith-Ross has gone to Berlin in order to reopen discussions about the payment of present and future German trading debts. Dr. Schacht's latest measures have brought the whole of German imports under State control, so that in effect nothing can be imported without a special authorisation, which, in theory at least, would seem to include the allocation of the requisite foreign exchange. But does it? When the present exchange agreement was drawn up in August, controlled imports were excluded from it. Now that all imports are to be controlled, what is left? Moreover, the agreement has not been working smoothly. German importers have duly paid their marks into the Reichsbank, but neither German exporters nor British importers have shown any eagerness to use the "Sondermarks" available under the scheme. Consequently, unused Sondermarks have piled up at the Bank of England, and the Reichsbank has exercised its right under the agreement to suspend payments into the special account until the excess already in it has been used up. Then there is the question of debts already owing by German importers for past deliveries, especially of cotton yarn, wool and coal. Private trade negotiations have failed to settle this question, and now the Government is taking it up. In the background is Dr. Schacht's demand for a complete moratorium. He puts all the blame for Germany's exchange difficulties on the Versailles Treaty. Actually, though the Treaty has much to answer for, the present situation is the inevitable consequence of promising a policy of economic expansion and rearmament requiring increased imports, and at the same time maintaining an over-valued currency at the expense of exports. But the Nazis dare neither stop the expansion nor devaluate the mark.

The Religious War in Germany

Meanwhile, on the religious front the Nazi Primate, Dr. Müller, is heavily engaged with the Protestants who refuse to bow the knee to Baal. Dr. Wurm, the suspended leader of the Evangelical Church in Württemberg, is supported in his defiance by a great body of his pastors. He has ordered that no payments from church funds are to be made to the special commissioner appointed from Berlin. In Bavaria, too, there have been striking demonstrations, and astonishing scenes were witnessed in Munich last Sunday. After Bishop Meiser had preached a vigorous sermon of protest, the huge congregation marched through the streets singing Luther's hymn, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," to demonstrate in front of the episcopal palace, until they were eventually dispersed by police and S.A. men. It is probable that Dr. Müller will beat the resisters, temporarily at least. But his victory will be costly, for he is widening and deepening opposition to the regime. Dr. Meiser declares that the struggle is non-political, that he is loyal to the Führer, and prays for him every day. But the Nazification of the churches surely is "politics" (the Roman Catholics are under no illusion about that), and in existing circumstances neither ministers nor their congregations can be expected to keep their loyalties indefinitely in water-tight compartments. There are many curses, in private at least, mixed with the prayers for Hitler in Bavaria.

The Labour Situation in America

The astonishing affair of the *Morro Castle*, the revelations at the arms inquiry, and the America's Cup have elbowed current politics and economics out of the United States news during the past few days. But the textile strike is still going on, and apparently no nearer a settlement. A large number of mills have reopened, mostly with "blackleg" labour under heavily armed guard. There have been numerous clashes between strike pickets and State police and troops, especially in the South; the "New Deal" has not changed the customary American methods of handling strikes. It came out at the arms inquiry that since the labour situation became threatening there had been a boom in sales of "tear gas," "sickening gas," and other endearing compounds designed to teach the workman his place, but that no demand for these substances had been forthcoming from Labour organisations. As far as can be judged from biased and inadequate news reports, it looks as if the textile strike would break. But there are more troubles to come; for the recent reorganisation of the N.R.A. machine, which is now being carried through, has done nothing to settle the question of Trade Union recognition. Recovery is still awaited, and relief appropriations are running out. New York is again destitute of civic funds, and faced with a strike threat by business men against higher taxes. President Roosevelt is still excogitating his new measures for unemployment relief, and preparing for a further programme of public works over the winter. Some increase of business activity is expected during the next month, but not enough to prevent the winter's outlook from being bad enough to threaten disturbances on an extensive scale.

The Health of the Nation

Sir George Newman in his annual report for 1933 (Stationery Office, 4*s.* 6*d.*) gives a cheerful account of the state of the public health. Despite the depression the high standard was maintained, and in some branches there was actual improvement. As regards unemployment, he concludes from the data available that it has not led to any general physical deterioration or even any increase in physical impairment. With some few exceptions both the general death-rate and the infant mortality rate have been low, whilst school meals and provision of milk for babies have (taking the country as a whole, though here again there are exceptions) prevented the spread of malnutrition. On the other hand Sir George warns us against complacency. We may presently—at any time indeed—be confronted with physical deterioration. Undernourishment may make its appearance on a larger scale. Housing and sanitation are still far from perfect. And there is evidence, as he admits, of the growth of incapacity for work, and of ill-health of a neurasthenic

type amongst the victims of unemployment in certain areas—such as the Tyneside, South Lancashire and East and South-east London. These cautions are important, and we are not ourselves convinced that the relatively optimistic conclusion, based on an inquiry by a group of medical officers into the state of nourishment of insured persons, is not too optimistic.

Undernourished Children

Not long ago we commented on a memorandum on the "scale of needs" submitted to the Unemployment Assistance Board by the Children's Minimum Committee. This has now been followed up by another memorandum ("Evidence on Malnutrition," price 4*d.*, from 116 Thames House, Millbank, S.W.1) dealing with objections to the Committee's proposals. One of those objections is precisely what many readers of Sir George Newman's report may make—namely, that very few children are suffering from inadequate food or have deteriorated in health. In answer to this it is pointed out that, owing to the absence of any satisfactory and common standard and the difficulties of diagnosis, the official figures based on medical officers' reports may easily give a false picture. Again, the effects of under-feeding may be delayed, so that an apparently adequately nourished child of to-day may be a feeble creature in a few years time. These are amongst the reasons for believing "that the general figure of 10.7 per 1,000 is a serious under-estimate of the extent of undernourishment among school children generally." Furthermore, the case of the children of the unemployed is likely to be even worse, since, as the Memorandum says, the condition of the unemployed is masked by the improved conditions of employed workers' children. And last, but not least, there is the well attested fact that a host of children are only kept in health by the sacrifice—the semi-starvation—of their parents, and particularly the mothers.

The South Wales Deadlock

Coal-owners and miners in South Wales have at last met, after long delays caused by the owners, and have duly disagreed. In 1931, when mining wages were already very low, the South Wales coalfield was the only district in which they were reduced still further. The miners have for some time been demanding a return at least to the 1931 level. Upon the owners' refusal, they placed their case before the National Board set up to deal with such questions under the Act of 1930. The South Wales owners, who have throughout refused to recognise the Board, despite its inclusion in an Act of Parliament, would not appear before it to state their case. The Board, including coal-owners from other districts, granted the greater part of the miners' case, and recommended broadly a return to the pre-1931 level of wages. But the Board has no compulsory powers, and the South Wales owners took no notice, only offering to consider the setting up of a different sort of Board, from which all trade or industrial representations were to be excluded. This proposal was rejected by the miners, though they are prepared to accept an arbitration board including persons with a knowledge of trading conditions. Hence the position is one of deadlock. The miners have given notice to end the present agreement, and are appealing to the Government and to the Miners' Federation. The owners assert that they can afford no rise in costs, and that a strike is certain to cause further loss of trade. So it is; but what effort are the owners making to avoid one?

Four Hundred Liberals

Sir Charles Hobhouse's motion that the Liberals should concentrate their forces on the most hopeful seats at the next general election was decisively defeated at the meeting of the Executive of the National Liberal Federation. It was prompted largely by considerations of finance. The Federation, apparently satisfied that the money can be found, will be content with no less than four hundred candidates, the local associations to find the fighting funds and the Federation to guarantee all candidates against loss of deposits. It may prove an expensive election for the Federation. The Labour Party has reason to be pleased. Three-cornered contests probably mean on balance more Labour gains. There are some good brains in the Liberal Party, and it contains a number of men whom the next House of Commons will badly need. But, with Labour moving rapidly to the right, it is not clear what positive or distinctive political programme a Liberal group—and it can be no more in the House—has to offer. It was significant that the Federation justified its motion asking for a contest on the "widest possible front," on the somewhat negative ground that there is "a vast body of reasonable opinion which equally refuses to accept Nationalism, Protection or Socialism."

Where Are We Going?

The dismissal of Mrs. Duncan's appeal by the London Quarter Sessions is a serious and significant event. Mrs. Duncan was charged with obstructing a police officer by insisting on addressing a public meeting after being requested by the police not to do so. The police witnesses admitted that the meeting was perfectly orderly, and it was not alleged that the crowd caused any obstruction of the highway. Nor was Mrs. Duncan accused of being herself likely to commit a breach of the peace. Her arrest was justified on the ground that she might have said something, had she been allowed to speak, which would have led to a breach of the peace. It was not suggested that this hypothetical disturbance would have taken place at the meeting. The police case rested on the fact that following upon a meeting some twelve years ago at which Mrs. Duncan was alleged to have spoken, a disturbance had occurred at a neighbouring unemployed Training Centre. No evidence was produced to show that even on that remote occasion Mrs. Duncan had actually said anything calculated to incite to a breach of the peace. Boiled down, the police case came to this. Since Mrs. Duncan's views were likely to make the unemployed less contented she should be prohibited from speaking, lest some of her more irresponsible listeners might at some future date commit a breach of the peace. Since Sir Herbert Wilberforce, the Deputy Chairman, did not give the reasons for the magistrate's decision, it is difficult to say how far-reaching it is. But it appears to justify the police in prohibiting any meeting at which some speaker might in their view say something which might lead someone else to say something which might lead to a disturbance somewhere else.

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THE ARMS SCANDAL

"THE inquiry has barely scratched the surface," said Senator Clark, after a fortnight's work in the United States Senate munitions inquiry. But enough has been produced to explain why influential attempts have already been made to hush up the evidence. In addition to diplomatic protests from foreign Governments in defence of distinguished officials who have been mentioned in the bribery allegations, the Committee has had to face economic pressure.

The Chilean Government has withdrawn its aviation contracts with United States firms. The *Evening Standard* of September 11th had the following passage in its "Londoner's Diary":

> The American inquiry will thoroughly alarm foreign purchasers of munitions, who not unnaturally object to having their business correspondence broadcast for the benefit of ignorant and fussy Senators. It will make them chary of placing munitions orders in the United States, and the British armaments trade will benefit.
>
> It is my view that, while the armaments trade continues to receive the sanction of international law, they are fully entitled to take advantage of the situation.

Louis Driggs complained, at a session of the inquiry, that "American munition makers would suffer heavy loss of trade if the confidential communications were made known" (*New York Herald*, September 7th). The *Financial News* of September 12th reinforces him:

> Any fears which have been aroused among holders of armament shares that revelations thus far made before the United States Senate would lead to a drastic restriction of the activities of British armament firms appear to have been baseless, for Whitehall is satisfied that British firms have come out of the Senatorial inquiry with credit. Since there is thus no likelihood of a Governmental investigation on this side, the American inquiry is likely to be a bull point for the shares of British firms. Foreign customers placing orders will feel assured that here, at least, their orders will be executed in strict accordance with the law, and that there will be no danger that their confidential correspondence will be broadcast.

Is there no danger of revelations in this country? The inquiry has already brought out enough evidence to convince all except those interested or implicated that the Governments (and the British Government as much as any) should act quickly and effectively to clean up the arms trade. We are all revolted by the thought of "million per cent." profits made out of war and the threat of war, and by the handsome bribes handed out to officials for securing arms contracts. But the most serious count against the private firms that produce and sell arms is that when civilisation itself—all that most of us value or work for—is threatened with destruction, and when most of the world's Governments are professedly trying to get a disarmament agreement and an effective system of security and international justice, even now these firms, grouped in great combines with immense financial power, are sabotaging the efforts at agreement, making nonsense of the treaties that exist, and lobbying in each country for increased army, navy and air estimates. This is how Mr. Voyner, of the Electric Boat Company, wrote to its president, Mr. Carse, in 1929:

> All our legislative efforts have borne fruit. The cruiser Bill has been passed, the submarine appropriation has been passed and, as I sincerely promised you the day we lunched together in New York, we did manage, after overcoming a number of handicaps and jumping some hurdles, to get the second deficiency Bill through, and in so doing we have succeeded in getting our claim through.

The references to bribery ("commissions" it is called) have been frequent, and they affect British as well as foreign firms. Here is a typical example quoted from the report in the *New York Herald*:

> An unconditional denial that the general director and secretary general of the Saint Nazaire shipbuilding firm, Penhoët, had approached him and demanded 50,000fr. each as "grease" for placing a contract with the Electric Boat Company in 1922 was made yesterday by Captain Paul Koster, retired Continental director of the American firm. . . . Interviewed in his Quai de Passy office, which contains among other masterpieces a large Rubens canvas, Captain Koster declared that regardless of what he may have written to Henry R. Carse, president of the Electric Boat Company, in a letter made public by the Commission, the sums mentioned were to have been paid to those in between the Penhoët-Koster negotiations and not to the Penhoët officials themselves. . . . "I don't deny that I wrote such a letter, and if I said something about 50,000fr. it meant that I felt that amount was necessary somewhere along the line."

What is the next move? Obviously things cannot be left where they are. The strong pressure that is being brought to bear on the American Senate Committee and on the American Government is a clear indication of what we must expect over here; the danger is that if there is a British inquiry it will be a whitewashing inquiry. Yet British firms and the British Government are seriously compromised by the disclosures. Mr. John Ball is a director of the Soley Armaments Company of London, sole selling agency for the British Government's huge surplus stocks of arms. The stocks include 77,000 machine-guns and 120 million rounds of ammunition, and are

> of such magnitude that the sale of a big block of them would alter the political balance of power of smaller States, involving corresponding complications from the point of view of finance and industry.

Letters from Mr. Ball were read out at the inquiry, in which he advised the American Armament Corporation to try to persuade the United States Government to support the Chinese against Japan with arms bought from these stocks:

> We fully understand that arms deals are not usually done without some officials getting "greased." If any "palm-oil" is required it has to be added to the price, as our prices are at least 50 per cent. below factory prices for the same arms, and they will stand a lot of "grease" and still be cheaper than manufacturers' prices.

In an interview, Mr. Ball said that his firm could not export arms without permission from the British Government. "The same restrictions apply to Vickers, and if all the money in the world is on the table business cannot be done if it is against the policy of the British Government." Yet we read how Mr. Carse admitted that the Electric Boat Company sold ammunition to Peru during that country's dispute with Colombia; according to the report in the *Manchester Guardian* of September 6th, "the ammunition was supplied by Vickers, Ltd., and delivered through a West Indian port after an attempt to send it through Brazil had failed."

When questions are asked in the House about the control or abolition of this private trade in arms, the Government is forever proudly reminding us that there exists a British system of licences for the export of arms. But it is becoming more and more clear that this system is in practice very rarely used to prevent unsavoury transac-

tions; its effect is to make the Government a party to them.

In any case, the public demand for a British inquiry into the arms trade is likely to be insistent. But that may well be worse than useless unless the committee of inquiry has the same wide powers as the American Senate committee to subpoena witnesses, collect confidential documents as evidence and publish its findings. Meanwhile, as a first step, the Government should endorse the draft articles of a system of international supervision for the arms trade, circulated last July by a committee of the Disarmament Conference.

RUSSIA ENTERS THE LEAGUE

Geneva, 16th September, 1934.

IF anybody had said last September that Soviet Russia would be a member of the League of Nations before twelve months were out he would have been looked upon as a dreamer. And now the dream has come true, or rather it will have come true in a couple of days. Adolf Hitler has had a share in making it come true. The departure of Germany, and in a less degree that of Japan, have made the entry of Russia possible. As Stalin said some little time ago, the fact that bellicose nations with aggressive designs cannot stay in the League has shown the realists in Moscow that after all it is good for something. And Germany and Japan would never have agreed to give Russia a permanent seat on the League Council. The entry of Russia is a great historical event. It is also a proof that it was a mistake to think that the loss of Germany and Japan meant the end of the League. Enemies are less dangerous without the gates than within them. "Pertinax" showed his usual perspicacity when he said in the *Echo de Paris* last Thursday that the League is now the embryo of an anti-Hitler coalition. It must be that if it is to fulfil its mission. The importance of the adhesion of Russia can be measured by the desperate efforts to prevent it that have been made up to the eleventh hour by the motley forces of reaction—efforts of which we have had ample evidence in Geneva. The victory has been won against a coalition of Nazi Germany and militarist Japan, Catholic Portugal (with the Vatican in the background) and Calvinist Switzerland, Russian Fascists and the Royal Dutch.

It has been won, moreover, in spite of bad tactics on the part of the general staff. The original idea was that Russia should be invited by the Assembly to join the League, as Turkey and Mexico were. This was abandoned on the ground that, in the absence of any provision to the contrary, an invitation by the Assembly must be unanimous and the Swiss Government had declared its intention of voting against the admission of Russia. Incidentally, this is one more example of the way in which the League is paralysed by the requirement of unanimity for its decisions "except where otherwise expressly provided by this Covenant or by the terms of the present Treaty." It is absurd that Switzerland or Portugal or Panama should be able to thwart the will of the overwhelming majority of the members of the League. The reform that is needed is the abolition of this requirement of unanimity, and the League will never be really effective until that change is made. In this case, however, it is doubtful whether unanimity was actually necessary, and the juridical advisers of the League were not consulted on the point. Had they been, it is probable that they would have said that, since a two-thirds majority of the Assembly is enough for the election of a new member, it must be held to be enough for an invitation to a State to join the League, which is not contemplated by the Covenant. It has already been decided that unanimity is not required for a "vœu"—a resolution expressing a desire—although there is no express provision in the Covenant to that effect. The invitation might well have been brought within that category. All that the Russian Government wanted was an assurance in advance that there was a sufficient majority in the Assembly to secure the election of Russia, and they would have been satisfied with an invitation for which the overwhelming majority of the Assembly had voted, even if there had been a doubt about its technical validity.

In default of an invitation by the Assembly the device of an invitation signed by States members of the League in their individual capacity was fallen back on. It gave rise to various difficulties, and there have been moments in the last week when it looked as though there might be a repetition of the fiasco when the first attempt to bring Germany into the League was made. The consequences of such a fiasco would have been more serious than they were on that occasion. One difficulty was the wording of the invitation. The original text drafted by the French delegation was objected to by certain delegations willing to join in the invitation. Their objection was supported by Sir John Simon, and it was only after considerable and at times heated discussion that a text was finally agreed on. Then there were States willing to vote for the admission of Russia but unwilling to sign an invitation. The delegations of Denmark, Finland, Norway and Sweden took a line of their own and a strange one. They would, they said, have been quite willing to vote for an invitation by the Assembly, but they had no power to sign such an invitation as was proposed, as it was outside the work of the League for which alone they were delegated. One would have thought that they could have telephoned to their respective governments to ask for the necessary powers, since they were so over-scrupulous, but it appeared that they could not. Finally it was arranged that their respective governments should "confirm to the Soviet Government, through the ordinary channel, their decision to vote in favour of the admission of the U.S.S.R. to the League." I suspect that this device was suggested by Dr. Benes, to whose diplomacy and ingenuity the final success is in large measure due. One would not have expected the Socialist Government of Sweden to give so much trouble.

On the Council the representatives of Argentina, Portugal, and, at the last moment, Panama objected for different reasons to giving Russia a permanent seat, but they were induced to abstain and thus enable the necessary unanimity to be obtained. Portugal is opposed on religious grounds to the admission of Russia into the League and the Portuguese consent to abstain was not secured without difficulty. The Russian Government, who had been promised by England, France and Italy an invitation from the Assembly, had to be persuaded to accept the new arrangement. Finally all the difficulties were overcome, but we have had an anxious week.

The campaign in Switzerland against the admission of Russia is of a violence unusual in this rather stolid country. That respectable spinster, the *Journal de Genève*, uses language worthy of a Billingsgate fishwife. Although it has more than once demanded the expulsion of foreign correspondents that have dared to criticise the Swiss Government, it violently abuses the French Government and M. Barthou in particular. The *Journal de Genève* is closely associated with that sinister organisation, the "Ligue Internationale contre la Troisième Internationale," which is a centre of espionage and delation. It denounces to the police as "Bolsheviks" Russians and other foreigners whose opinions are not sufficiently reactionary, and its president had on one occasion the impudence to send to the members of the Federal Government a list of foreign correspondents who, in his opinion, should be expelled from Switzerland. I had the honour of being included in it. Particularly significant is the attitude of the international minorities organisation, which seems to have become a mere anti-Russian organisation backed by Germany and Japan. Its secretary, Herr Emmende, no longer takes any interest in German minorities. He is interested only in Russian Ukraine. He must have large funds at his disposal, for, after touring Europe to preach a crusade against Russia, he has, I understand, been touring the United States for the same purpose. The attitude of the Polish Ukrainians, who are at present represented here, is still more strange. One had thought that

they were oppressed and ill-treated by the Polish Government, but that must have been a mistake, for they seem now to be on excellent terms with that Government—and with Mr. Ito, Japanese Ambassador in Warsaw. They have protested against the admission of Russia into the League, but they have made no protest against Colonel Beck's repudiation of the minorities treaties. One wonders what they have been promised—Ukrainian independence?—and how they can attach any value to the promises of the Polish Government or Mr. Ito. The sinister aspect of the situation is that the aim of all these people is war against Russia. If, indeed, the hope of Ukrainian independence, for instance, has been held out, its condition must be a Japanese victory over Russia. What would happen in that event would be the annexation of Russian Ukraine by Poland, as provided for in the Rosenberg plan and perhaps in the German-Polish understanding.

How far that understanding goes has been shown by the German reaction to Colonel Beck's speech on the minorities question. The German press is quite enthusiastic about it. As the Polish minorities also seem to like it—it was reported that Ukrainians and Jews demonstrated in favour of Colonel Beck in Warsaw—there is quite a happy family. Colonel Beck's performance gave Sir John Simon the opportunity for a speech that made a great impression on the Assembly and won unanimous praise. It surprised the Poles, and indeed many other people, for we are not accustomed to such energetic intervention on the part of the British Government. Colonel Beck declares that he will stick to his guns; but we shall see.

The meeting of the permanent council of the Little Entente last week has had important results, which dispose of the rumours that Jugoslavia was breaking away and show that the Germanophile sympathies of the Jugoslav Government have been greatly exaggerated. Jugoslavia is in complete agreement with the other members of the Little Entente on the Russian question, the desirability of the proposed eastern pact and—what is most important of all—on the desirability of a *rapprochement* with Italy.

ROBERT DELL

A LONDON DIARY

THE visitor to a slum sometimes tries to console himself with thinking "the people here do not mind it as much as I should." That man can accustom himself even to the squalor of the slums is of course one more good reason for quickly abolishing them. But in fact some slum-dwellers continue to be tortured by their environment. One of these has just written his autobiography, *I, James Whittaker* (Rich and Cowan, 7*s.* 6*d.*). He was born in a slum and lives in Rochdale. He is uncommonly sensitive to natural beauty, to music, and to the romance of archaeology. His home is almost a slum, he barely manages to support his wife and child by working in a cotton-mill. Written by a cold and often hungry man, writing in a bad light after a long and breaking day in the mill, it is a marvellous manifestation of human courage. It is a less dramatic and less savage book than *The Autobiography of a Liverpool Irish Slummy* (by Pat O'Mara, Hopkinson, 7*s.* 6*d.*), but it is even grimmer because the author is more sensitive and more handicapped. Mr. Whittaker was encouraged to write this book by the sympathy of Mr. Gilbert Frankau, who contributes an introduction inviting critics and readers who share his admiration for it to do their best to make it a success.

> For thus you will not only be helping one man who has struggled valiantly against all disaster but helping at the same time to prove that most comforting of all present-day truths—how, in these Islands of ours, there is never a man, whatever his birth, and whatever his circumstances, who cannot win, granted only courage, to some success.

But even if the book is a success, as I hope it may be, it proves that this "most comforting of all present-day truths" is far more comforting than truthful. Indeed, I cannot imagine anyone (except indeed it be Mr. Frankau) reading the book without an increased desire to change a social system so iniquitous as that which it describes.

Mr. Whittaker has succeeded in educating himself far beyond the majority, and as a result he has twice seen a chance of escaping from machine-tending and poverty, once by means of a scholarship to the University, and once by being chosen by the rubber firm which employed him for a planter's job in the East. On both occasions illness annihilated his hopes. If he does now escape, it will be because he has had the skill to write a book—courage, in fact, is not enough. He writes with restrained bitterness about the miseries of the impoverished, the lack of medical care, the lack of educational opportunity, "the constant threat of insecurity." Once he joined the I.L.P., infected by the excitement of a meeting, but the instant he left it he decided that it was all hot air and that he had been a bloody fool. He is in fact not politically minded, and one of the chief difficulties which Socialists have to face is that many of the finest members of the proletariat are in this respect like Mr. Whittaker. Appetite for beauty may be a more potent incentive to self-education than political discontent. The artist type is far more common among working-class people than most political workers realise. *I, James Whittaker* is a document which ought to be read, yet I doubt if literature is really the vocation of its author. He ought to be digging in Egypt for relics like those which took possession of his imagination when as a slum-urchin he came again and again to the Edinburgh Museum.

* * *

I have seen two news-reels of the *Morro Castle* disaster; they are impressive, appalling, and in parts disgusting. The unused life-boats hang on their davits, twisted with the heat, and the waves breaking against the torrid hull drive up clouds of steam. The photographs of the survivors being brought ashore, barely dressed and broken with cold and terror, were horrible enough. And then we were given one of these telling us that his wife had jumped overboard, and that he had not seen her since. Still more indecent was the spectacle of a wretched woman, shattered almost to madness, being dragged in front of the microphone "to say a few words." Her wail of despair when submitted to this last ordeal was one of the most distressing things I have ever heard. If anything should be censored, it is surely this. Meanwhile the inquiry proceeds rather unfruitfully. The broadcast suggestion that Communists were responsible seems based on nothing but the theory that Reds are capable of any blackness. The result of the disaster will be, I hope, to banish Tudor panelling and all such inflammable decoration once and for all from liners. What is so unpleasantly called the modernistic style of decoration is largely inspired by the clear austerity of a ship's lines, and it is particularly appropriate for liners. Since public money is being used to complete the 534, one can hope that the Board of Trade will insist upon simplicity in its decoration. Most of the liners I have travelled on have been smothered in vulgar ornament, drawing-rooms in *faux Louis Quinze*, and olde Englishe smokynge rooms—ugly, expensive and, above all, dangerous.

* * *

A new magazine called the *Left Review* has appeared. It costs 6*d.* and is to be obtained from Collet's Bookshop, 66 Charing Cross Road, W.C.1. Its all very modern and Marxian. The quality of its contents varies even more than that of most new journals. J. B. Priestley, Siegfried Sassoon, Bernard Shaw and Stefan Zweig were asked to "express their opposition to the warlike plans of the Imperialist governments." Sassoon's reply is a brilliant satirical sonnet. Bernard Shaw's reads as follows:—

> I am strongly in favour of all the Powers making the very deadliest preparation they can for the next war. However, it does not matter a brass farthing, whether I approve or not, as they will do it in any case. If they do it thoroughly, they will be afraid to fire a shot or to drop a bomb. Poison gas is a game they all can play at.

This is very interesting. Mr. Shaw himself replied to this argument in 1905. In *Major Barbara* Undershaft, the cannon maker, is offered this "usual excuse for his trade" and replies that so far from its being true that "the more destructive war

becomes the sooner it will be abolished," the fact is that " the more destructive war becomes the more fascinating we find it." Does Mr. Shaw think that the invention of poison gas has changed all that and that governments which did not fear to fire artillery will not feel the fascination when it comes to gas bombs? I wish I could think he was right.

* * *

Royalty does get a very unenviable time. We all wish Prince George and Princess Marina well and hope they will be very happy. But after saying so would it not be more decent to leave them alone? Once, when royal engagements meant a transference of territory or a change of alliance, it was of course true that they were not and could not be private affairs. To-day it seems to me that the Prince and Princess have real reason to complain of the slush that is poured out about them. I notice that the *Daily Telegraph* (September 14th) on two consecutive pages gives Princess Marina " eyes that are as nearly as possible the colour of sapphires, deeply bright blue " and eyes which, like her hair, are " brown with golden tints." But as an example of the kind of thing I complain of take this from the *Birmingham Post*.

> Princess Marina will arrive in London in the late afternoon. The mills of causation may grind out competing sensations in endless variety—a revolution here, an earthquake there and a record smash-and-grab raid round the corner—and the effortless primacy of the Royal visitor will only be the more pronounced. . . . A Royal betrothal sheds a new dignity and lustre upon every betrothal. It helps to ennoble the common rhythm of life and to confirm love and marriage in their estate of honour. It inclines us to commiserate with communities that, having no beloved monarch at the head, are deprived of the universal pleasure of shouting—" Hail to the Bride-Elect."

* * *

It has been amusing to watch the handling of the American Arms inquiry in some sections of the British press. One would not have gathered from the early *Times* reports that Vickers was really involved at all, while several other papers made desperate efforts to disguise the significance of their own news. But the material was too good to neglect. There are signs of hush-hush again now. But one only gains an adequate impression of the whole incredible business by seeing the reports from the American and British press grouped and printed together. This is excellently done in this week's issue of *Essential News*.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to " Mercury."

All cuttings should be addressed to " This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

> Arms Are Supplied to Both Combatants.—This, admittedly, is a fairly frequent occurrence. The main reason is that if one arms supplier refrains from doing it there are fifty who will not. Arms manufacturers and salesmen do not live for ever; one can hardly blame them if, when wars happen, they consider they are entitled to get what they can, where they can, while they can. Usually only one of the combatants can win, and so the arms supplier is almost bound to lose one customer in the vanquished.—*Daily Mirror.*

> I would assist the bather, because my perfect trust in the Almighty makes me impervious to fear.
>
> I should feel certain that my family would be cared for. Even lacking this confidence, I should still swim to the bather's assistance, but without Divine aid I should probably drown.—Letter in *Daily Mail.*

> For killing a hare on Sunday, August 19th, Reginald Edward Beale, a labourer, of Duntisbourne, was at Cirencester Police Court to-day fined 10*s*.
>
> Beale pleaded " guilty," adding that he did not know it was wrong to kill a hare on a Sunday.—*Gloucestershire Echo.*

> Housekeeper wishes post for November 28th, single gentleman, with or without maid, or would consider one cow.—Advt. in *Kilmarnock Standard.*

> Propagandist use has been made of malnutrition among dependants of the " dole." An expert of the Ministry of Health has just been telling the British Association that " signs of gross malnutrition are plain among people very well off." . . . If the " dole " were doubled malnutrition would probably be as easy to find as it is now.—*Observer.*

> Ramsey is a paradise for wild birds, and it was only a few years ago that its last golden eagle was destroyed.—*Sunday Times.*

> Crusader's Suit of Armour for disposal owing death of owner; in excellent condition.—Advt. in the *Morning Post.*

> Mrs. —— was a lady of charm and culture and won much admiration for the manner in which she faced the stern facts of life. She is survived by six sons and two daughters.—*Farnham Herald.*

> It was the first touch of ceremonial, and for a moment the Princess looked nervous.
>
> " Don't worry," counselled her father and mother, Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece, " it is the Mayor."—*Daily Mirror.*

UKRAINIANS IN POLAND

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT RECENTLY IN THE POLISH UKRAINE.]

THE declaration of the Polish Government that it will in future not consider itself bound by the Minorities treaty unless all countries are similarly bound, and its assertion that the ten million inhabitants which compose its minorities receive equal treatment with the population of eighteen million Poles, forces us again to ask how the Poles, in fact, treat the Ukrainian minority, and what conditions the Poles are asking us to tolerate.

A tour of those parts of Eastern Poland where about seven million Ukrainians have their homes, and careful inquiries among all classes of their people, impress one with the intensity of their national feeling and of their dissatisfaction with their present status, and the impossibility of permanently thwarting their determination to achieve independence, even at the cost of war. " The war brought union and independence to Poland and other nationalities; why not to us? " they reiterate. " Even war would be better than to live as a subject race; we cannot go on like this." National consciousness is one of the strongest human motives; does history provide any example in which it has been permanently crushed once it has been aroused?

The Polish Ukrainians are a courageous and tough-fibred people. In the " pacification " of 1930, if ten peasants were beaten so that they could not walk the eleventh would go off and vote against the Government. In 1934, when the men of a village are arrested, the women march off to a Sokol demonstration and as they carry their village flag are cheered to the echo by the onlookers.

So far the concert of Europe, centred in the League, has done nothing to remedy the grievances of these people.

Many petitions have gone from Polish Ukraine to the League. Poland has been admonished and has made promises, but there has been no improvement in general conditions, and there has been victimisation of those whose cases were cited. But, however weak the influence of the League and of European opinion, they have been a slight check on the autocratic treatment of the minority, and, if even that check is removed, Heaven help an otherwise helpless people!

Now a fresh wave of repression is sweeping over the country, partly owing to the murder of the minister Pieracki. Ukrainians deplore this murder. In the first place all but a small extreme party are strongly opposed to terrorist acts; in the second place the late minister was conciliatory and friendly to Ukrainians and they hoped much from him; thirdly, if the murderer should prove to be a Ukrainian the reprisals on his co-nationals are to be dreaded. The first terrible result is the institution of concentration camps. The Presidential decree ordering the institution of these camps, June 8th,

contains provisions for arrest and detention of persons on suspicion, without trial and without appeal. Incidentally, is it not a confession of failure, that after eight years the present regime now has to institute these camps? The Prime Minister in an interview stated that the treatment of persons in the camps would be extremely severe, as they were intended to punish political offenders. The Ukrainians, who have had ample experience of the savage brutalities in police cells, and who remember the beatings of the political opposition Members of Parliament in Brest Litovsk, know what to expect, and there was consternation among the population in one town where a score or so of youths were led off handcuffed to be sent to such a camp. These camps have been in readiness for some time, awaiting a suitable opportunity to bring them into operation. The ever lengthening series of political trials is another indication of the unrest. The extreme nationalist Ukrainian youth, embittered and discouraged by the failure of the moderate democratic parties to secure any improvement in the lot of the people, and stimulated by the policies of Fascist violence pursued by youth in other countries, are carrying on a campaign of incitement to sabotage. Illegal publications are circulated underground; handbills demand Ukrainian schools and urge mild acts of sabotage against Polish schools—such as the tearing up of pictures. Acts of this kind are also provoked by police agents. Numbers of young men and girls are arrested on suspicion of committing such offences, condemned on slender evidence and sentenced to many years' imprisonment.

In 1931 special tribunals were set up in the East Galician provinces of Lemberg, Stanislau, and Tarnopol to deal with the acts of sabotage of the Ukrainian secret organisations, and were later extended to the rest of Poland. Up to the beginning of 1934, there were 387 convictions, and 254 persons were condemned to death and the remainder to long sentences of imprisonment, four were acquitted and seventy-one sent to the ordinary courts. Of those condemned to death ninety-five had their sentences commuted to life imprisonment. The majority of the accused were Ukrainians. From January to July, 1934, in East Galicia there have been thirty-eight political trials, involving 139 accused, who received sentences totalling 345 years. Nearly all the accused were young men and girls, some only sixteen years of age, sentenced usually for distributing handbills, many of them to hard labour. Many were sentenced to from three to eight years for belonging to national, but non-terroristic, societies. A long series of similar trials is now going on.

Another cause of trouble has arisen among the peasants from the demolition of village monuments to the Ukrainians who fell in the war against the Poles in 1921. These monuments consist of simple mounds surmounted by a wooden cross with inscription. One typical instance of a Polish-Ukrainian conflict on this question occurred in April in the district of Sambor. The peasants erected a mound on the night of April 23rd and a cross with the inscription "to those who fought for Ukrainian freedom." Next night the Polish organisation Strzelec destroyed it. A few days later it was repaired and consecrated and again destroyed, and the Strzelec (a Polish militarist society who bear arms, whereas no Ukrainians may possess arms) began firing and killed a peasant; at the funeral of the latter six priests officiated and 10,000 peasants from neighbouring villages took part. In another village where the police removed the inscriptions the peasants attacked them with spades and hoes, beat them off, besieged them in a hut and heavy police reinforcements had to subdue the riot, and followed this up with wholesale beatings and destruction of property.

In a tour of the country-side I saw armed police with fixed bayonets in every village. In one case when I paid a brief visit to the co-operative store and village hall and library (Prosvita) the result was an immediate visit and inquiry from the police. On another short motor trip our car was stopped and we were questioned by police, although all was quiet in that neighbourhood.

The only steps taken by the Polish authorities to deal with this situation are steps of repression, and restriction of existing rights. The new Constitution limits membership of the Senate to the Polish legion, thus in future there can be no Ukrainian Senators. In the recent municipal elections in Lemberg, Ukrainian names were removed from the lists; in some districts the urns were filled up before voting began, every effort was made to disfranchise the Ukrainian population. New electoral districts were formed so as to split up the Ukrainian electors and so successfully was this manipulated that the 60,000 Ukrainians have not one representative on the town Council, whereas the Jews who number 100,000 have sixteen members. The total population of Lemberg is 300,000 and the members of the town Council seventy-two. And so the vicious circle of embitterment is perpetuated. What is impressive is the dogged determination to hold on, not to give in, but to keep the hope of national independence always alive. The longer and more bitter the struggle the firmer becomes this determination. At one time autonomy would have been accepted, and though it would not now be rejected it is doubtful if it would be accepted as a final settlement. The face of a young peasant woman of twenty years of age is before me—her husband is sentenced to four years' imprisonment on suspicion of having distributed handbills, her home is broken up, her baby dead. Asked how her husband feels about it, she smiles: "He will bear it as others have to bear it." "And you?" "I too will bear it, as others have to bear it." She trudges off, pale but unbroken in spirit, one of thousands in Poland to-day.

CHRISTIANITY: ORTHODOX AND HETERODOX

In common, I suppose, with that of most of my contemporary "intellectuals," my attitude towards religion in general, and Christianity in particular, has gone through a succession of phases. I can still remember the almost hysterical enthusiasm which possessed me after my first contact with a sincere Christian. Then came the smattering of scientific knowledge that we all get in our later teens, and the consequent violent scepticism as to the truth of the alleged phenomenal incidents on the reality of which the validity of the Christian religion was said to depend. Later still came the usual realisation of the essential limitations of science and of the relative unimportance of the few world-happenings appreciable by our limited human senses; with the inevitable inference that the most important things in life are beyond the capacity of any laboratory to assess, and the power of the human intellect to analyse and explain. The "conflict between religion and science" seemed meaningless, just as meaningless as would be a conflict between religion and the art of washing-up, or the art of gardening.

Is all idealism bunk? Are all idealists humbugs? Is there such a thing as religious experience? If so, does it belong to the realm of psycho-physiology or to that of pathology? These are questions which, from time to time, I ask myself; and I suppose that quite a lot of other people periodically put similar questions to themselves. The sciences of psychology and physiology reasonably seek to relate human phenomena to what are called biological purposes—these being defined as the maintenance of agreeable organic individuality, for as long a time as possible, in the environment constituted by the world; coupled with provision for species continuity. Can we fit all our observations and all our own experiences of human activity and human thought inside these boundaries? If not, are we to regard everything that falls outside as morbid exaggeration and perversion? Is the satisfaction we derive from listening to a Beethoven symphony or a concerto of Mozart adequately explained as being a manifestation of repressed copulative impulse? Are religious experiences peculiar to unsatisfied male and female ascetics? I don't believe it; I know from my own experience it is not true.

I believe that religious experience is almost universal among mankind; and that it is just as common in the highbrow, atheistic circles of Bloomsbury and Boston as among the peasants of Andalusia. To acknowledge religious experience has, however, come to be, in a large part of the intellectual world, as ill-bred and embarrassing as was the acknowledgment of the possession of sex organs among Victorian prudes. The result is that the discussion of religion has been left to a lot of amateur logic choppers and a small number of professional propagandists who get their living out of it.

A few months ago appeared, under the editorship of the Editor of *The Church Times*—probably the most authoritative organ of Christian ecclesiasticism in this country—a volume entitled *Orthodoxy Sees It Through.** The contributors to this book all have names familiar to the general reading public, and may be taken as representative of what passes for thought in the church pulpits of England.

To anyone inclined to take religion seriously it is a little disturbing to find how crudely materialistic and "phenomenal" are the conceptions held by those who take it upon themselves to patronise the religious spirit and to stress the worth-whileness of its aspirations. In this semi-official volume, embodying what is called the Anglo-Catholic position, we are authoritatively told that modern Christianity is based on the fact of the disappearance of the body of Christ from the tomb in which it had been laid. "If Christ did not rise from the dead, Christianity would have been still-born." What a religion (and, incidentally, what English)! These semi-official exponents seem to have no notion of the attitude to divinity—that is, to ideal perfection—of those of us to whom dogmatic reports of alleged phenomena, however interesting, seem utterly irrelevant to the problems of ultimate reality. Personally, though I recognise the unusualness of the event, I see nothing impossible in a dead man being restored to life. Such a "miracle" could in no way influence my estimate of the value or significance of his deeds, his thoughts, or his life. It would interest, but not very much surprise, me to learn that Beethoven's body also disappeared from its tomb, and that he subsequently held converse with his friends. Beethoven's message to me would remain exactly what it is. One of the most humiliating confessions in theological autobiography is that of Newman: "From the age of fifteen, dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion."

Religion is, of course, no more synonymous with Christianity or with Buddhism than life is synonymous with man or the amoeba. Christianity, however, has with us acquired unique association with the religious impulse; and therefore it is of special interest to reflect on its distinctive features, apart from those which it shares with all religions. Any peculiarity in its political and ethical teaching must depend on some fundamental difference in point of view. To me, it seems that the outstanding distinction of Christianity is its recognition of the sacredness, the divinity, of the individual man, woman, and child.

I assume that everyone who gives expression to "biologically useless" truth, beauty or goodness is to that extent God incarnate. If this is not so, I simply do not know what Christianity means; and its propagandists during twenty centuries have failed to make its meaning clear to a would-be receptive mind. Some of the statements in *Orthodoxy Sees It Through* strike me, although I am not usually very sensitive in this respect, as sheer blasphemy. Thus, I read:

> In the main, man is a reasonable being, with a strong instinct for a business proposition. Prayer is a business proposition if there is somebody at the other end of the wire; but to sit in a pew while an earnest gentleman dressed like a priest recites a poem from Wordsworth, and asks us to meditate on a synthetic god compounded from Nature and Science, is not a business proposition.

After which, one is not surprised to be told that

> Mass is not bogus. The cinema is not bogus. The public-house is not bogus. And so, to the end of time, the Mass, the cinema and the public-house will have their following, and religion without revelation will be played to empty houses.

It is interesting and not without significance that far and away the most logical, and in every respect the most valuable, contribution to Mr. Dark's volume is by a Jesuit priest, Father D'Arcy. He, more than any of his fellow contributors, both understands and fairly states the difficulties and the sincerity of his antagonists. He places a definite issue before his readers, and he so states his case that one feels in honesty compelled to give it serious consideration. He believes that what he calls "the new humanism" takes it for granted that the rational end of human life is pleasure, and that there are no grounds for supposing that man has any higher purpose or destiny in the universal scheme. As a Catholic, Father D'Arcy naturally does not share this view; but he does not, as do some of his fellow writers, attribute the wide acceptance of this teaching to a readiness to find excuse for self-indulgence. More generously, he attributes it to an attempt to make the best of a world that seems strangely out of joint. "Having no God to worship, no sure self to honour and perfect, what wonder is it that the crushed spirit has rushed to embrace any transient gleam of joy and any form of self-expression"; and he argues that "the well-being of society depends on a faith in the highest values and on a true estimate of the dignity of each individual man."

Here we have the basis of a real social philosophy; but is it this spirit of individual respect and individual pride that we are asked to admire as the "Orthodoxy" that "Sees it Through"? The orthodoxy of to-day is the heterodoxy of to-morrow; and there is not a creed or a doctrine that to-day is called orthodox that was not once, by contemporary scribes and Pharisees, denounced as heterodox and disruptive. "We all have at least this in common," says Mr. Dark, speaking of the authors of the book,

> That we can repeat the Creeds *de fide*, and that we hold such fundamental Catholic beliefs as the doctrines of the Real Presence, Baptismal Regeneration, Sacramental Confession and Absolution, and the possible progress of the soul after death through cleansing experiences to the final achievement of the Beatific Vision.

I am reminded of some other words uttered many years ago by another distinguished exponent of Christianity: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! Because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say: If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them of the blood of the prophets. Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets. . . . Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel."

HARRY ROBERTS

* *Orthodoxy Sees it Through.* Edited by Sidney Dark. Arthur Barker.

Correspondence

THE HERRING RATIONALISED

SIR,—I see that in recent issues of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION you have been taken to task by Mr. Max Nicholson and Mr. S. C. Leslie for your comment on the Herring Report. If, indeed, your remarks were not altogether fair, those of your critics are surely a little naive. Mr. Nicholson says, with Mr. Leslie's concurrence, that the Herring Report is completely different from the Agricultural Marketing Schemes, and that "it represents a real attempt to get away from the bias towards high prices through security and restriction. . . ." The elimination of redundant units must in the initial stages almost certainly lead to restriction of production. This may be necessary, but Mr. Nicholson will notice, if he refers to the Report, that not once but several times the Commission hints very strongly that the present Norwegian "import quota" of herrings ought to be cut down. Is this restriction to take place in the interests of low prices and the consumer, or of high prices and security?

True, Mr. Nicholson adds that the Commission lays down "as a basic principle of readjustment" that markets "can be won and developed only on the basis of lower prices for an article that

is in first-class condition and capable of competing successfully with alternative foods." These are noble sentiments even if, in the form in which they are here stated, they are not altogether in accord with the facts. Mr. Nicholson will find them echoed with equal force (and more precision) in the Milk Report and elsewhere. But what does the Commission propose to do about them, so far as the home market is concerned? It makes some mild and no doubt useful suggestions, but are they likely to lead to any immediate or considerable reduction in distributive costs? What, moreover, does the Commission propose to *do* about "processing" and "marketing"? A good deal less, so far as one may judge than, for instance, the Pigs and Bacon Boards.

Mr. Leslie (who seems to be rather ill-informed about previous marketing schemes—for which of them proposes to cut down or organise *production*?) points out with enthusiasm that the Commission has established the fact that demand tends to fall if kippers cost more than 4*d*. a pair. But does he really suppose that previous reports have taken no account of the elasticity of the market, or of the fact that producers' difficulties are, in part, due to "controllable factors at home"? Which of the marketing schemes has envisaged what Mr. Leslie calls "the eternal constriction of the industry"? What does he mean by some "increase in the nation's income not simply in the producer's"? I should be more impressed by Mr. Leslie's rhetoric if I could feel convinced that he had studied in detail, and at length, the reports of previous Commissions.

Finally, Mr. Nicholson points out, apparently with approval, that the Herring Board is to be nominated by "responsible Ministers" not elected by producers. The Herring Board, therefore, is to be responsible to nobody, except for the kind of nebulous control likely to be exercised by Parliament. Good, honest, straightforward coercion, in fact, and none of your attempts at "persuasion" or economic democracy. This is, indeed, "completely different" from the Agricultural Marketing Act. But is it an advance or a retreat from the principles of that Act? Does it meet, or does it merely try to evade, the difficulties that have been raised by it? Mr. Nicholson appears to think that because a Board is not responsible to producers it will be more careful of the consumer, but he is surely not under the illusion that Producers' Boards, whether responsible to producers or whether nominated by the Government, can, save in the most exceptional circumstances, raise consumers' prices unless the policy of the Government in power is to help them to do so by restricting supplies by tariffs, quotas, or other means. Does he then think with a subsidy and restriction of Norwegian imports a Board "nominated" by the Government is so much to be preferred to a Producers' Board—in the interests of the consumer?

Moreover, the Board will be a Producers' Board in the proportion of five to three, though the producers will include the essentially opposed interests of both the primary producer of fish and the secondary producer of kippers. Does not Mr. Nicholson think that there is some risk that this clash of interests on the Board may result in very little being done to set about a real reform of the marketing structure and that, further, it may result in a combination to bring pressure to bear on the Government to secure a virtual monopoly of the market, which is one of the few factors which would be in the interests of both parties?

If primary marketing is to be organised, it must be organised in the interest of the primary producer. This is true whether the Board is responsible to producers or responsible only to itself. It is a virtue of the Agricultural Marketing Act that it makes the producer individually responsible for the actions of his Board. Is Mr. Nicholson willing to sacrifice this to secure a "nominated Board"? It may be a weakness of the Act as at present administered that too little is heard of the consumer, but to pretend that by nominating outside interests consumers will be protected is, in my opinion, simply to cloud the issue and to refuse to face the fact that by the creation of Producers' Boards, whether for herrings or hops, whether nominated or elected, we have raised novel and semi-autonomous powers within the State, and that these will have to be met by some counterbalancing force if equilibrium is to be maintained. The Herring Scheme has certainly failed to propound a solution to the problem. It goes back—not forward.

"K."

TRAVELLERS IN GERMANY

SIR,—I have heard with astonishment many statements in England about fuss and trouble experienced by visitors travelling in Germany. My own experience and that of many of my colleagues who travel regularly to Germany twice and sometimes three times a week during the tourist season is completely to the contrary. I am a professional courier (British) of over thirty years' experience, and during this season I have conducted large parties of British tourists to German destinations. I say emphatically that at no frontier did armed Nazis ever board the train and ask for newspapers. On the contrary, I have invariably met with the greatest kindness and courtesy from all German officials who seem to me to be extremely anxious to make things pleasant for all tourists, British in particular. I am still taking parties—in fact I have just returned from Germany. We suffered no inconvenience whatever due to adverse conditions in that country.

26 Melford Road, P. M. PINTO
Thornton Heath, Surrey.

[Our correspondent has been fortunate; others have been less so. An Englishman who has just returned from Germany tells us that his train (the Vienna-Ostend express) was boarded last Saturday night at Nuremberg by an S.A. and an S.S. man, who demanded to see everyone's newspapers, and examined not only the bags but the pockets of travellers, whether British or other.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE NATIONAL TRUST

SIR,—I read your leading article on Rural England with some sense of disgust. Admittedly the Town Planning Act has proved futile; the public conscience sleeps; and the Octopus continues to broadcast tentacles all over England. But is it generous or even sensible to criticise the policy, inevitable in the circumstances, of Rural England's one defender, the National Trust?

Your first objection is unsound. The preservation of a piece of open country or a historic building may at the moment appear like embalming it in a surrounding mass of ugliness; but as the birthrate falls so will the demand for housing, and much of the present building will rapidly decay. Fortunately the jerrybuilt is not meant to last for centuries; the ruins, decently smothered with ivy and brambles, may even become picturesque. And when nature has reasserted itself, the preserved treasure will be seen again in an appropriate setting.

Where there is no public sense of responsibility, private idealism must assume the burden. The rapidly growing membership list of the National Trust bears witness to this. Let us by all means urge the implementing of the Royal Commission's report on National Parks, the conscientious planning of the country and a united front against the Octopus; but in the meantime there should be nothing but praise for the noble work of the National Trust.

M. S. POLLARD

The Ropewalk, St. Mawes,
Cornwall.

[Nothing was further from our intention than to attack the National Trust. The object of our article was to criticise the impossibly disabling conditions under which it has to function. The National Trust is doing the best it can in very difficult circumstances; it is not its fault if, owing to the lack of a planned survey backed by statutory powers to purchase, it is unable effectively to arrest the rape of England's beauty.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE MOSCOW THEATRE FESTIVAL

SIR,—Those of us who have spent much time in the U.S.S.R. well know the paralysing effect of Soviet enthusiasm on the critical faculty of sympathetic visitors. Apparently Mr. Hubert Griffith has not escaped. He concludes an enthusiastic article on the Moscow Theatre Festival by saying that he has been to the U.S.S.R. for four years running and that he has never seen an empty seat. From this the reader is led to assume either that all plays, etc., produced in that country are good or that the Russians are very uncritical spectators. Neither of these assumptions is correct. Not all plays produced are good nor are the Russians uncritical. For example, at the Theatre of the Revolution, in Moscow, when I visited it last April I counted about forty empty seats, and deservedly so. The play, *The Friend*, was not very good, though it had its moments of fine comedy, and the Victorian realism of its production would have given points in conventionality to anything of the kind seen on the English stage. Again, a little later, at the Moscow Trade Union Theatre (a very important one though not often visited by foreigners) I counted several empty seats, and people were buying tickets that same evening for the performance.

I remember when I saw the ballet *Don Quixote* in Kharkov in

1932, it received very little applause from the audience. As a Russian friend put it, it was more reminiscent of a circus than a ballet. The opera too cannot be praised indiscriminately. Though it is always very finely, and sometimes superbly, produced it suffers from a lack of good singers. I would make exception of Shoshtakovich's *Lady Macbeth of the Mestchansky Province* which I was fortunate in seeing and which was a wholly satisfying experience. The voices exist, but probably because there has not yet been built up a school of singing the Russians nowadays do not, on the whole, know how to sing. (I know I shall be accused of blasphemy here.) This has even affected the schools. Not in one of the various schools that I visited did I hear good singing such as one would hear in any English elementary school.

The Natalie Satz Theatre for Children is not the prototype of a hundred others in the U.S.S.R. It is in a class by itself and is frequently severely criticised, sometimes deservedly so, by the other important children's theatres. Nor is the queue the only way to obtain theatre tickets. Every Trade Union, professional or industrial, buys up blocks of seats for its members; occasionally a whole theatre will be taken in this way. Besides this in most theatres there are blocks reserved for the shock brigaders of different factories. It is the people who fail to get tickets through these channels who have to stand in a queue. I quite agree that in theatres like the Moscow Art or the Bolshoi an empty seat is a rarity, though on occasion it is possible to get a seat in any theatre even just before the performance. Further, a half-empty theatre such as one often sees in this country would probably call forth a Government and Party inquiry. But to give an impression that everything in the Soviet theatre world is deserving of praise and nothing of note happens in any other country shows a sad lack of perspective.

Mr. Griffith's conclusion seems to have missed the true significance of the Soviet theatre. Its infinite life is only part of the larger infinite life of the whole of Soviet existence. Because of the peculiar system obtaining in the U.S.S.R. the Soviet theatre enjoys that most important of securities, economic security, and is consequently artistically free. This at once gives it a great advantage over the theatre in any other country. Moreover, the Soviet theatre is taken seriously not only by the drama-loving public, but by the Government and the Party. It has its definite place in the planned economy of the country, and so far from the State killing initiative and enterprise the opposite has been the result. It is regarded as one of the most important educational factors. Theatres, many that will compare with the latest anywhere architecturally, are to be found in every big factory, in every workers' club, and to these come at intervals first-class companies from the first-class theatres. In the summer, the theatres send their companies to the state and collective farms over whom they have patronage, not only to perform but to help the peasant produce his own plays. The theatre is regarded as a necessary part of every citizen's life and is within the reach of all. It is when viewed from this larger aspect that all of us who care for art can regard the theatre in the U.S.S.R. with envy, for there are no limits to the possibilities of its achievements.

B. L. KING

ROGER FRY

SIR,—In reading with deep interest the obituary notices and appreciations of Professor Roger Fry, I find none yet from the ordinary persons who, loving pictures, have not the technical knowledge to understand their composition, nor that other which comes from long and patient study, from looking and looking at them. Such people, and there are hundreds of them, often respond gratefully and happily to the teaching and explanation of artists who are patient enough to bestow them. Mr. Fry was one of those who wrote and thought for the many as well as for the few. His lectures, his broadcasts, and chief of all his books, were given not only for his own intellectual fellows, but for the service of the ignorant; and he grudged none of his deep learning, his fine scholarship and his keen and highly trained sensibilities to that service.

I shall never myself forget the delight of finding, in a pleasant book about pictures, a few sentences quoted from *Vision and Design*. It seemed as if a wide casement were suddenly thrown open to me, and I looked into an unknown world. Since then I have read all I could lay hands on of his writings, finding not only great teaching but great help.

The deep sincerity and truth of his mind are perhaps what first strike us who know him from his books, even before the love of beauty in form and colour which several writers have noted as distinguishing him. And then they mark the lofty height in which his thought habitually moves; it is truly "ensphered in regions mild of calm and serene air." Even when his fancy is drawn by some quick movement to make an excursus from his main theme, a flight adorned to the delight of his readers, with the brilliant wit and gaiety at his command, even then his inner imagination seems to remain poised, as the great eagles can be, in the upper reaches of the air. It would be easy to give instances of this, but not within the length of a letter. Nor is it possible to do more than remember gratefully the power of feeling which underlies Professor Fry's writing; and the clear perfection of its form, a medium which at times seems to be almost more French than English, so shorn is it of unnecessary ornament and so intellectually sincere.

Judging from some of the notices, early ones, which have so far appeared, Mr. Fry's work is still so much ahead of his generation as to confuse the writers; they cannot "place" it quite comfortably. But that means that it will enrich and mould the thought of the students to come, and open their minds; for he is indeed of those whose "just hands" hold "that golden key that opens the palace of eternity."

R. TREVOR

NOISE

SIR,—The success of the anti-noise crusade in popular imagination has only been excelled by its success in Governmental circles.

There is probably something to say against the nocturnal silence for horns decree in particular cases, and in general in that by slowing down traffic it encumbers the roads for a greater length of time. But the decree has enabled the noble army of martyrs to night noise to snatch a few welcome hours of sleep, and their efficiency in office and shop has been greatly improved. This benefit has, however, been far exceeded by the general moral effect on noise mongers in all parts of the country, and it is only to be hoped that during the coming legal term popular feeling will reflect itself in the decisions of High Court Judges in cases of noise nuisance, a class of case which, in the past, has on the whole received little attention.

While making it clear that the subject of motor horns is only a small branch of this interesting and important problem of civilisation, it should be noted that the British Association (in their report not yet published) have given especial attention to the effect of different types of horn.

The monkey or blackbird, desirous of warning its fellows, makes repeated jibbering sounds; the lion desirous of paralysing its prey makes a prolonged roar. Similarly, in a paper to the British Association, it was pointed out that repeated staccato hoots were more effective as a warning than the rude prolonged blast that fixes the victim in terror. Further, that a warning horn consisting of two notes was still more efficient and pleasant, especially if in tune. This discovery will doubtless be of great profit to the manufacturer, who will probably in the near future supply a keyboard of notes, by various combinations of which the driver can express pleasure, annoyance, or rate of speed. Soon, indeed, he will discard his motor wireless set, and the day of the private musician will return, the air being filled with sweet sounds.

7 New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2.

AMBROSE E. APPELBE, Late Hon. Sec. Anti-Noise League

AGNOSTICISM

SIR,—In your issue of September 15th an anonymous reviewer under the above title states that most human beings "feel the need to venerate an object, a person or an institution for qualities which without good reason they attribute to him or it." In his final paragraph he points out Dr. Chance's underestimation of the value of art as a "consolation" to the realist or agnostic, adding, with a clarity I cannot but venerate, that a man can "accept and as it were digest" his miseries "with the help of art." Since art is the work of artists, and since such acceptation is essential to a mature man—i.e., a man "capable of living in harmony with his environment"—is it not perfectly reasonable to attribute to great artists qualities which justify our veneration? The recognition of greatness is the beginning of emergence from egocentricity; and without this emergence maturity is impossible. Surely, then, veneration of individuals as shown in their works (among which, though not a Christian, I include certain sayings of Jesus Christ) is to be encouraged.

E. B. C. JONES

Miscellany

THE COMING SEASON

THE coming musical season is not going to be quite so strenuous as last year's, although nobody is likely to complain of any scarcity of concerts or recitals. Three of the principal organisations have already issued their programmes—I refer to the B.B.C., the Concert Society (Courtauld-Sargent) and the L.S.O. There are to be twelve symphony concerts given by the B.B.C. instead of eighteen, which was last year's number, and the Royal Philharmonic Society is also, I understand, reducing the number of its concerts from eighteen to twelve, although I have not yet received its prospectus.

Among the B.B.C. conductors there is one new name which is very welcome, Sir Hamilton Harty. This will be the first B.B.C. symphony concert at the Queen's Hall with Sir Hamilton Harty as conductor and it denotes that a long-standing feud has been healed. This will be welcome news to every music lover, for Sir Hamilton Harty, in my opinion, is one of the few British musicians with the nature of an artist, and his services ought to be valuable. Otherwise, the B.B.C. has shown no enterprise in its selection of conductors, but has kept to our best-known native conductors (Wood, Boult and Beecham) whom we certainly expect to hear and would not be without. I don't know into what category Mr. Albert Coates comes, but he is to conduct once, and the only foreign conductor is Weingartner. This is a pity, I think, especially as Sir Henry Wood conducts twice, Sir Thomas Beecham twice and Dr. Adrian Boult five times.

The soloists are also familiar, in some cases too familiar, names. This does not apply to Casals, Flesch, Gieseking, Huberman, Heifetz and Schnabel. But instead of Backhaus and Dohnanyi, who are sufficiently well known for their merits not to be problematical, could we not have had somebody new or, failing that, some artist of a more extraordinary talent such as, for example, Rachmaninov? Personally, I think Eduard Erdmann, whom I heard last year for the first time, a far more interesting pianist than Backhaus or Dohnanyi; he is also virtually unknown in England. I should also like to see the B.B.C. engage one absolutely first-class singer for one concert, if they can find such a rarity; we all in England need to be reminded of what vocal music can be now and then so as not to mistake what we are accustomed to hear most of the year round for singing.

Now we come to the B.B.C. programmes. Sir Thomas Beecham gives us two choral concerts. One is to be devoted to Delius's *Mass of Life*. This is an unavoidable necessity, and as such the best thing is to listen to it with the closest attention so as to discover as much to enjoy and admire as possible. The other is a Handel concert and this will enable the B.B.C. chorus to justify its existence. The bulk of the remaining music is taken from Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, Brahms, Mozart and the English composers we may expect to find; among the latter a Scherzo from an unfinished symphony by Holst and a new symphony by Vaughan Williams are novelties. A new work by Stravinsky, *Persephone*, a melodrama in three parts by André Gide, is an interesting event which takes place on November 28th next. There are two other novelties which deserve special attention; one is a new symphony by a young Russian composer, Yuri Shaporin, and symphonic excerpts from Alban Berg's new opera, *Lulu*.

Dr. Malcolm Sargent, now restored to health, conducts two of the five orchestral Courtauld-Sargent concerts; of the other three Georg Szell, from Prague, who made an impressive first appearance in London last year, conducts two, and Fritz Busch one. The programmes do not call for special mention except that Mr. William Walton's long-awaited first symphony is to be performed at the November concert on the 12th and 13th of the month and that a new work by the Czech composer, Suk, is to be introduced by Georg Szell at his second concert on February 11th. At this February concert, it is pleasing to see Szigeti is playing Busoni's violin concerto instead of one of the more familiar concertos.

The L.S.O. are giving eight concerts of which five will be conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty, one by Weingartner, one by Hans Weisbach (a performance of Bach's *Die Kunst der Fuge*) and one by Albert Coates. The programmes are not fully announced yet, as Sir Hamilton Harty is on his way back from Australia where he enlivened the musical world considerably. We may expect to get some Berlioz programmes from Sir Hamilton Harty, which is something to look forward to. Visitors to Salzburg this year had a revelation, apparently, from Toscanini's performance of the Queen Mab Scherzo from *Romeo et Juliet*. It is perhaps asking too much of Toscanini to give the whole of *Romeo et Juliet* one of these days, but it certainly needs a Toscanini to perform Berlioz's works adequately. It is a curious fact that musical Vienna never appreciated at its true value Verdi's *Falstaff* until Toscanini took an Italian company to Vienna some years ago and absolutely astounded the Vienna musicians and amateurs with his revelation of that work.

Among the other events Mr. Wilfrid Van Wyck's "Tuesday Subscription Concerts" offer some interesting programmes, particularly the concert of the Wiener Saengerknaben on October 9th, at which this famous boys' choir will sing sixteenth-century motets and works by Mozart, Schubert and Brahms. Other interesting items among these concerts are a recital by that remarkable pianist, Josef Hofman, on November 27th, and recitals by Lotte Lehmann (October 23rd) and Elena Gerhardt (January 29th).

Of individual recitals the most interesting is the series of seven pianoforte recitals of compositions by Mozart, Schubert and Schumann given by Artur Schnabel on Saturday afternoons at the Queen's Hall, beginning on October 27th. The three composers will be represented at each concert and we shall have the opportunity of hearing many rarely played works by Mozart and Schubert in particular, while Schumann will be represented by virtually all his best-known pianoforte compositions. Those who remember the profound impression made by Schnabel at his series of recitals of the sonatas of Beethoven at the Queen's Hall a couple of years ago will look forward to hearing this great pianist in a series of recitals again with exceptional interest; especially as we may expect to have fresh light thrown on the neglected pianoforte works of Mozart and Schubert, to say nothing of the opportunity of hearing Schumann's pianoforte music interpreted by a great master.

W. J. TURNER

ROGER FRY

THE most analytical mind that has been applied to the study of the visual arts—I have come back again to thinking of Roger Fry as a critic. But, meanwhile, I have been fluttering like a bird in a glasshouse, trying (for I closed my elementary remarks last week on his work by saying I would write more personally) to get out into a past which I can see but cannot reach. Seeing is not enough: I can record facts, but I have little hope of transmitting his personality, or the quality of the many varied hours I spent in his company.

Though these have been scattered over more than thirty years, they have left behind so unified an impression of him that I cannot believe I did not always know him well. His judgments sometimes took me by surprise, but never Roger Fry himself. Whatever he did or said he remained the man whom I had already divined, and it was good to be near. The intimacy of our communication varied, as in a long intimacy it always does, with the exigencies of life, which now draws friends close together—sometimes, indeed, bangs them together and, not without bruises, now separates their intensest interests. But whether communication with him was on the level of discussion, or on personal matters, all who knew him will bear me out—you met with the same integrity of mind, the same Roger Fry, who could ultimately

forgive anything except failure in candour, at moments when candour is necessary to arriving at a true judgment or disentangling a mutual predicament, a quality so valuable in personal relations and so necessary to the intellectual life. It was the intellectual life that he lived, the life of an artist in whom the intellect predominates. If to remain "young" is to keep a vivid curiosity, the power of enjoying the present, and a faith in pleasure (characteristics often lacking to youth), then it must be also said of him, to use an obituary *cliché*, that he remained "young to the last." And if to grow "old" is to become fussy and cautious and cosy, then, certainly, he had a horror of old-age. He was a most energetic man, and he contested every curtailment of activity which years inevitably bring. I sometimes thought he was spending his energies too freely, and I used to protest: "Roger, it's no use clinging to every bannister when Father Time is determined to kick us down stairs." But he was probably right; it is not much use hoarding life. I worked with him, travelled with him, played with him; and though to say this may suggest something I do not intend, looking back, I do not remember any great difference between either working, or travelling or talking with him.

It was the strenuous pleasure he took in things that stands out in retrospect. The strenuousness of his delight in works of art is clearly seen in his criticism; it animated also his enjoyment of food, talk, travel, and the way he set about practical projects. It was gloriously exhilarating. Though it might be sometimes fatiguing to weaker spirits, thanks to a little slyness and to his own sense of fun, I, for one, never had any difficulty in relaxing the pitch of concentration when this was necessary to my contentment, or in mitigating the impetuousness of his plans.

He was a hedonist, but a hedonist of a peculiar kind. For those who never saw him the most rapid way of suggesting his appearance is to say that it was easy to imagine him dressed as a fasting friar in a brown habit with a rope round his waist. He would have looked the part perfectly. There was not a touch of grossness, either of the over-fastidious or the over-greedy kind, in his love of pleasure. It was a grateful love, and he believed in the wisdom of being happy. His voice, and his voice was one of the physical qualities which made him attractive, resembled Voltaire's; he had *une voix sombre et majestueuse*. He laughed very easily. In fact, he was more immediately moved by a sense of the absurdity of men and their opinions than by indignation at them, though after a moment or two's reflection indignation usually followed. He was an implacable anti-Philistine (I used to think sometimes he was too hard on the Philistines who, after all, supply most of the vertebrae in the backbone of life); and like most anti-Philistines, he was a strong pacifist and detester of fervid patriotism. He had a great love of France and since the failings of his own countrymen were under his nose, and he was rather reluctant to observe those of the French, he gave the latter the benefit in most comparisons. He valued highly their "quick apprehension of life" (readers of *Characteristics of French Art* will recall the ingenuity and conviction with which he worked out in the history of their art the effects of this characteristic); he loved their conscious and discriminating hedonism and their ubiquitous sensitiveness to the *mis en valeur*. He could speak their language well, and even lecture effectively in French. He knew he had learnt more from modern French art than from the modern art of any other country, and it is a commonplace to say that it is chiefly due to him that English artists and amateurs now appreciate that art. And this brings me to the turning-point in his career—his organising of the famous Post-Impressionist Exhibition of 1911.

In a minor and entirely ancillary way I too was connected with it. He knew I had come to an end of my money so he persuaded the Committee of the Grafton Galleries to appoint me Secretary to this stop-gap show. My fee was to be £100, with a half-share in profits which were never dreamt of. The scandalous success of the Exhibition proved most profitable to me, though Roger Fry, of course, as was later the case with *The Omega Workshops*, never made a penny out of it. The introduction of the works of Cézanne, Matisse, Seurat, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Picasso to the British public at the time, and for long afterwards, smashed his reputation. The charitable called him "mad"; the majority, an anarchist, a subverter of the morals and principles of art, a self-advertiser on the make.

I believe few people know the position which he occupied in the world when he took this enthusiastic and disinterested step. After taking a double first in Science at Cambridge and resolving to make painting, which had been his boyhood's hobby, his profession, he earned his living as a journalist-critic. The years which followed his leaving Cambridge were those during which he laid the foundations of his wide and accurate knowledge of the history of Art. His paper was *The Athenaeum*, and it is a tribute to the quality of the articles which he then wrote, and are still buried in back files, that in 1906, although he had only published in book form a short monograph on Giovanni Bellini and a preface to Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Discourses* (1905), he should have been appointed in the following year to the Metropolitan Art Gallery in New York. And it is worth mentioning that immediately after he had accepted the American offer he found he might have had the Directorship of the National Gallery.

He was then already right at the top among European connoisseurs and art critics. His judgment carried weight in the world. What was it that enabled him to sacrifice such a position without a backward glance of caution? It was not courage, but something rarer—an instinctive and instant response, a joy in discovering the unrecognised beauty. This power of making discoveries was connected with a noticeable trait in him, which was even amusingly at variance with his strong intellect. He was a credulous man. There were moments when I used to exclaim, "You would be the greatest of critics if you only sometimes listened to the small still voice which whispers 'Fiddlesticks!'" And it was not only in matters connected with art that this showed itself. He would entertain, at any rate for a long time on approval, notions connected with quackery of all sorts—intellectual, medical and psychical. In that respect he resembled William James, who was capable of giving any crank in philosophy, though he might lack the most obvious credentials, enthusiastic attention. Roger Fry also was always ready to believe that someone had done something or was following something which might prove immensely important. Darwin used to indulge in what he called his "fool experiments," as when for example he would play a trumpet to his plants. The entirely sensible never discover anything. There is no doubt that to this openness of mind and imagination Roger Fry in an entirely different sphere owed his discovery not only of mare's nests but of things of the utmost importance to art and artists.

It has been said since his death that as a painter he would have achieved better things had he not, while painting, known so well what he was doing. I do not think myself that that is the right analysis. In so far as he failed as a painter (and I feel confident that his work will be rated far higher than it is at present) it was due rather to that strenuousness of nature which I have already mentioned. It was difficult for him to remain passive before an object long enough. He was an extremely rapid worker and his alertness enabled him to see *possible* pictures in every direction, not always in fruitful ones.

If, as I hope will be the case, specimens of his life work as a painter are exhibited, it will be seen that every phase of his sensibility as a critic found reflection at different times in his own work. As a painter he tested himself what had excited him as a critic. To mention in conclusion one more personal characteristic, one which perhaps will hold together the sketch I have endeavoured to draw: he bore with magnanimity the indifference of younger artists whom he had praised and taught, to his own work. That is very difficult to do without a little resentment—only possible to a profoundly disinterested man.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

WHERE A WAR IS WANTED

THE theatre of our time is afflicted with peace; economic problems it possesses in abundance; but it is a world without politics, and a little party strife might do it a world of good. The Equity question seems to raise tempers no longer; the Censor has recently come in for renewed criticism on the Left Wing, but it is a sniper's attack and not the bombardment of big guns to which he was subjected in Edwardian days. And where are the younger generation who ought to be knocking at the door and making the devil of a row? Quite a number are inside and making money instead of noise. There are, it is true, hundreds of people who cannot get their plays acted, but the cause as a rule is not their advancement of mind, but their inefficiency of hand. A fellow-critic of my own age said to me recently, "Where is the Young Drama that ought to be driving codgers like ourselves wild with rage?" I could give no answer, but I remembered the happy times when there was an advanced drama and we could fulminate against the fogeys who denied it access to the public, which certainly was not clamouring to receive it.

The theatre, I am sure, would be the better for a row. It has thriven on rows. The Elizabethans had their wars of the Poets, the Restoration men evoked their punitive Collier whose long tract against their profanity (wearisome enough, if you try to read it nowadays) had exciting results, and the Ibsenite movement produced a great campaign of diatribe and dialectic. Then there was the agreeably disturbing advent of Mr. Shaw. The Abbey Theatre in Dublin throve on strife. But now the desolation of peace has descended upon us. Sir Barry Jackson has stopped goading the Shakespearean Tories by sending Hamlet to Savile Row instead of to Wardour Street. Mr. Komisarjevsky's descent upon Stratford-upon-Avon, with a parcel of revolutionary notions about *The Merchant* and *Macbeth*, has not been repeated this year. Last winter Mr. Laughton set a few fresh breezes blowing round the "Old Vic," but it was no hurricane. The summer has not yielded us a single source of argument. Theatrical politics are stagnant. The House of Commons has not been duller.

One reason, I suppose, is the withdrawal of advanced minds to the contemplation of advanced films. Young people who hold the realistic methods of the playhouse in our time to be faded, bourgeois stuff turn for consolation to the Muscovite camera, to thoughts of "montage," and to experiment with cameras of their own. Combative youth likes a whiff of theory and, when Eisenstein announces that "'Montage' is the mathematics of film-construction, the dialectical principles governing the dynamics of film-form," it doubtless feels exalted and all the readier to throw hard names at Hollywood, though some of us may dismiss the Russian wisdom as a pretentious blather of words. At least one feels when one reads a journal like *Cinema Quarterly*, whose latest number offers fifteen separate definitions of this enthralling and mysterious "montage," that the films have captured, at least for the time being, the fighting spirit which acts as fertiliser to a lively art.

In the last fifteen years, the chief theatrical conflict has been the revolt of the Expressionists against the Realists. As far as the general English stage was concerned, it was a poor sort of war, because the Expressionists never made any noticeable advance. "Life is there, why copy it?" they cried, and offered us instead their Euclidean scenery and feverish abstractions called Mr. Zero, and so on. The British public needs a great deal of coaxing if it is to desert its lounge-hall sets and sunny, glossy, well-tailored, softly upholstered comedies for the austerity of rhomboid furniture on darkened stages. The Expressionists might have gained some ground, despite their attachment to Euclid, if they had possessed something fresh to say. But they habitually repeated the allegation that clerks and office workers are miserable, pitiable people, all cut to a poor pattern, and suicidally destined. The pre-Hitler Germans had a considerable appetite for this information, conveyed with a staccato rhetoric on gloomy stages raked with occasional shafts of brilliant light. But to the average English playgoer it was consistently unattractive. Too conservative to enjoy the method, he was also too realistic to believe in the matter. It was absurd to tell the English suburban that the English suburbs were colonies of despair. He was ignorant of the desperate poverty of the European lower middle-class; he had his outings, possibly in his own little car, his games, his dances, his garden, his modest comfort, against which background the rush-hour train and the day in the office did not seem wholly intolerable. Expressionism might have attracted the class-conscious unemployed, could it have reached them. As it was, it appealed only to the really miserable members of English society, the sub-intellectuals who sit about in Chelsea and Bloomsbury, ponder on their troubles of the psyche, and fret over sex in most portentous and polysyllabic phrases.

So that campaign has withered away; the Realists are triumphant and there is no outcry from the old and bold against their adoption of pessimistic conclusions. The general public, at least in London, now thoroughly enjoys the nervous, hectic embittered drama about frustrate young men who alternately grab women in their arms and then go plunging at the piano in order to express their agonised delirium. There is money in morbidity; the plays, for example, of the late Ronald Mackenzie would not have got beyond a Sunday night performance twenty years ago. Now the confused distresses of *Musical Chairs* and *The Maitlands* are widely popular. A quarter of a century ago, when the Stage Society tried the *Cherry Orchard* on the intellectuals, the latter were not only baffled, but rebellious. They walked out. They deemed it nonsense and there was enough fight in an audience then for action to be taken against supposed nonsense. Now Chekhov is public pleasure and brings record houses to the "Old Vic," where the academic tradition should be strongest. That, no doubt, is simply a case of normal development, yesterday's poison in the arts being often jam to-day. My complaint is that nobody cries "Poison," and stirs the present calm. There is no walking out; no angry argument in the foyer. The Gate Theatre became a rallying ground of righteous discontent, and I am glad to see that money has been found to open it again. But it is not a public theatre, and its supporters are not so loyal as to guarantee it a certain and continuous existence. It can be said that we are broader of mind, more intelligent, better mannered, more tolerant, and that peace in the general theatre is evidence of these excellent qualities. That may be true up to a point. But it is also true, I am afraid, that the combative spirit has moved elsewhere, and that the peace of the theatre has a certain resemblance to the tranquillity of sleep. There must be many who would like to hear the alarum-bell ring, and see some flourishes about.

IVOR BROWN

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Eden End"

Mr. Priestley's new play at the Duchess is not an immortal masterpiece. It has at least one serious flaw of construction, and the period atmosphere, however necessary as makeweight, is inorganic and intrusive. Nevertheless, *Eden End* is one of the most satisfying plays that has been seen for some time, and certainly the best thing that Mr. Priestley has done so far. Here are no good companions, no slick taking of dangerous corners, but the quiet sincere statement of a human problem. Stella Kirby returns to the house of her father, an old country doctor, after having run away to go on the stage ten years before. She has been casual, selfish and romantic, throwing away her placid country life and her placid country lover with an easy indifference. Her younger sister Lilian, who has stayed at home, exalting her natural domesticity into a dutiful sacrifice, is her complete antithesis, conscientious, sternly unselfish towards the deserving, and without an ounce of spontaneous generosity in her character. She is wildly jealous when she discovers that Geoffrey, Stella's former lover with whom she herself is hopelessly in love, is being trapped again by her charm. But Stella herself, disillusioned and only very moderately successful as a touring actress, is in need of sympathy. Her father, remembering his own forsaken ambitions, persists in seeing in her the fulfilment of all his old hopes of fame and success,

and he is too ill, and too happy in his belief, to be told the truth. Stella is longing only for peace and security once more, but Lilian, having discovered the existence of a discarded husband, invites him home to haunt her with all the tawdry bonhomie of the life which she has tried to put behind her. The scene between the two women is admirably written, balanced, dramatic and poignant. Lilian is left with her empty victory (Geoffrey rushes off in fresh misery to New Zealand) and Stella, resigned, takes up her good-for-nothing Charles again and looks for another part.

Fine in many respects as Miss Beatrix Lehmann's performance is as Stella, I am not satisfied that she achieves the ultimate complexity of the part. Mr. Priestley knows too much about actresses to intend all her yearnings to be taken at their face value. There are moments when Stella is as sincere as she can be, and others when, as her sister sharply tells her, she is merely enjoying her own emotions. If Miss Lehmann attempts to differentiate (an undeniably difficult job) the result is not apparent. Then too, Stella must obviously have an irresistible "way with her," and there is far too much hard sense behind Miss Lehmann's broad brow for her to play at being a bird with a broken wing. Mr. Ralph Richardson, as the disreputable, flamboyant actor-husband, plays to type, but with a subtlety and assurance which make his performance a sheer delight. He is quite uproariously funny in a brilliantly written drunk scene which never trespasses across the border into farce. But the highest acting honours of all must go to Mr. Edward Irwin for his portrait of the old doctor, with his sturdy stoicism, his bird-studies and his half-wistful speculations; it is a flawless study.

A Promising Beginning

In *Five in Amsterdam*, the new Arts Theatre Club's first production, Mr. Ian Rankine has written a witty fantasy of the "Dolly Dialogues" kind, more highly seasoned than the old models, but less exciting. It is a world in which, as one of the characters says, "Everyone is so foul you have to drink a lot." And do a lot of even less desirable things. But, like another character in the play, it is "vulgar but not unamusing," and Mr. Rankine keeps it in a key of such high improbability that much of the offence is lost. The dinner party in the first act, however, given by He, a modern Don Juan, in gratitude, malice and forethought to the four husbands who have "given the best of their lives to women so well worth it" (as he has proved in Amsterdam, Capri, Venice and Grenoble), is not fantastic enough and the caddishness is difficult to endure. Mr. Rankine's play shows inexperience; a serious theme of the love of a young girl (played with real beauty and emotional sincerity by Miss Diana Churchill) for her fiancé and also for He is left in the air and the play's finale is almost too annoyingly like *The Lady and the Tiger*. Yet, for the sake of its speed, wit and the amusing character drawing of the husbands, it is to be hoped that it will be tried for a longer run. Mr. George Curzon played He with his usual suavity and skill.

Satire at Swiss Cottage

All was well between Ed and Marceline until the Repertory Players came with their Summer Theatre to West Chester, N.Y. Then, Marceline bringing to leading parts amateur but social equipment, won the plaudits of her friends and relations, and became hot for the blare of Broadway. Ed was a wise young man and bought her, for $10,000, the rope of execution. He found a manager with never a success to his credit, and chose a play which guaranteed spectacular failure. Thus he thought to woo the lady from histrionic ambition to domestic refuge. But this was where Ed was too clever and where Mr. Edmund Dalby, the author of *Never Again* at the Embassy, found his opportunity for an effective piece of satiric writing. For the poor play was a great success and Marceline a wow. He shows the managers pathetically adhering to the formula (Peg o' my Heart-cum-Cinderella) that pays, and the author unable to recognise his own work produced. Mr. Duprez plays the manager, Abe Guttenberg, with a telling gusto of conviction. Good farce should make us fond of the person ridiculed, and we feel for Abe what we feel for Sir Andrew Aguecheek when he confesses, "I was lov'd once."

Evensong at the Tivoli

Mr. Beverley Nichols wrote an acid and very amusing novel called *Evensong*, about a *prima donna* past her prime. Then in collaboration with Mr. Knoblock he dramatised it, and the result was a mediocre play with a fat part for Miss Edith Evans. Evidently it would make a grand film. But little is left of the original excellent story except the title. Instead we are given the weary old situations which have been trotted out in cheap magazines for the last fifty years; even—believe it or not—the great *prima donna* meeting after years her first lover, now a shell-shocked soldier, and trying to bring back his memory by singing him an ould Irish song! Two-thirds of the film are taken up with this sort of stuff, which is entirely beside the point. The singer, you see, is played by Miss Evelyn Laye; for Miss Laye is a peach, but she is no Melba. And the story is altered and wrecked in order to display her prettiness. It is a masterpiece of miscasting. Moreover the alterations are not even consistent. Miss Laye winsomely trips through most of the film, and then suddenly begins to stride about like a trooper, merely because the heroine of the book did so; there is no earthly reason why she should not be allowed to grow old in a probable way. This sort of nonsense would be hooted off the stage, but in a film nothing can be too unintelligent. Miss Laye gives a very painstaking performance, but in spite of the energy with which she sings her *arias*, one can never believe that she is the "Queen of Song." And the illusion is made even more unconvincing by the inclusion in the cast of Mme. Conchita Supervia, with a rich and well-trained voice which it is a pleasure to hear. Kortner as an impresario gives the best performance, and Miss Muriel Aked is a pearl of a maid. This is not a boring film, for Mr. Victor Savile is a capable director; but it is a typical example of wasted opportunities and unnecessary silliness. In spite of this it will probably have a great success.

Blood and Thunder at the Empire

Treasure Island is a first-rate film of bloody adventure to which one immediately awards a Certificate U. It achieves with magnificent ease the old "sinister" atmosphere which has been rather queered in recent years by the gangsters. Messrs. Beery, Lionel Barrymore and a dozen more are as full-blooded pirates as have been seen on the screen. The blood flows, and the rum; a storm heralds the late approach of a terrifying visitor to the "Admirable Benbow"; alternately a Union Jack and a skull-and-cross-bones are hoisted on the mast of the treasure ship. Wallace Beery, as Long John Silver, is a superb grinning rogue, and Jackie Cooper makes a good Jim Hawkins. The American voices give a new tang to the mildest of oaths. There is a good deal of the stage in the drinking choruses, the views of the island, and the speeches of the ship's captain, but it is whole-hearted and, far from spoiling the film, adds to the enjoyment.

R.H.S. Great Autumn Show

The Autumn Show at the Crystal Palace is probably the largest ever held. Appropriately enough, the R.H.S. have staged an exhibition of relics of Sir Joseph Paxton, an R.H.S. employee and latterly gardener to the then President of the Society, who designed the Palace. Coming as it does before planting time, the Show presents an excellent opportunity to intending planters not only for seeing new varieties of fruits, trees and other subjects, but for comparing side by side the merits of different varieties and forms. The Show covers every department of gardening and to list even outstanding exhibits would be to make a catalogue. The exceptional summer shows itself once again in the high quality of fruit staged and the blazing colour of the many fine specimens of foliage and berried shrubs and trees. Autumn flowers such as dahlias, chrysanthemums, Michaelmas daisies, etc. are shown in profusion, besides much else. The Exhibition remains open until 6 p.m. Saturday.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, September 22nd—
F.P.S. Week-end Conference, Digswell Park, Welwyn.

SUNDAY, September 23rd—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "Indicting a Nation," Conway Hall, 11.
London Socialist League, H. L. Elvin on "Foreign Policy." Transport Hous., Smith Square, 7.30.
"The Bishop Misbehaves," Phoenix Theatre.

MONDAY, September 24th—
"Death at Court Lady," Shilling Theatre, Fulham.

TUESDAY, September 25th—
"Snow Maiden," Sadler's Wells.
"Josephine," His Majesty's Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. L. M. NESBITT, a mining engineer, having concluded a report on the platiniferous territories of Western Abyssinia, visited Addis Ababa and found himself able to undertake his ambition of exploring the Danakil country, about which he has written *Desert and Forest* (Cape. 12*s*. 6*d*.) and which

> some four hundred miles long from North to South by 150 wide, is an old upraised sea-bed like the valley of the Jordan and Wadi Musa, of which it is probably a continuation. In some parts it is still between 300 and 400 feet below the level of the Red Sea, and my companions and I frequently experienced in our tent a shade temperature varying between 140° F. and 156° F.

Three expeditions to explore this country, the last of them in 1884, had met with disaster and no European members of them had returned alive. Thus very little was known about the area. At the Abyssinian capital Mr. Nesbitt made friends with Signor Pastori and Signor Rosina, who were anxious to accompany him, and, without consulting the Ethiopian Government, which, unable to assist, might have set obstacles in their path, they set off by rail to Awash where they had decided to assemble their caravan of eleven servants, fifteen camels and four mules. Their armament consisted of twelve rifles with a total of only two hundred rounds of ammunition, much of which was expended in shooting game. Thus they could not hope to defend themselves from any large and organised attack. Instead of arms they carried large quantities of coffee, sugar, cloth, beads and other trinkets as presents for the Danakils:

> They are indeed more like wild animals than men, sleeping on the ground, living almost exclusively on raw meat and milk. No work spoils the elegance of their supple feline bodies. There are no bulging muscles in their long, thin limbs. . . . An exclusive people, they have to this day no trace of the negro in them. Their type is a fusion of the ancient Egyptian and the Arab. The lines of their faces are clean-cut, angular, chiselled, and somewhat effeminate.

It is difficult to believe they can be from the same stock as Egyptian or Arab, as they have not mastered the most elementary arts. Thus they make fire by twisting a pointed stick between the palms of their hands; the bow-string drill used in Ancient Egypt has not reached them or has been forgotten, and outside the Aussa Sultanate they have no knowledge of agriculture.

> In the Danakil territories a handful of millet represents luxury. The people do not even know how to make bread of it. They peck it up with their fingers, a grain at a time, like birds eating, or at best roast the grains on a heated stone. To these people a shipload of millet, which in Europe would not be considered good enough to feed barnyard fowls, would represent undreamed of wealth. A handful of the coarse grain is enough to feed a man for twenty-four hours. The cultivation of the earth is unknown. It is as though these people, although they must have heard how millet is raised by man's art, possessed no hands. In reality what they lack is not hands, but imagination. They are nearly as unspeculative as dumb animals.

* * *

The traveller amongst them is in continual danger and must be extraordinarily bold, patient, forbearing and generous if he is to escape from them with his life, since in the Danakil philosophy, "it is better to die than to live without killing." In some of their tribes a man cannot procure a wife unless he can exhibit the sexual organs of a man whom he has murdered.

> These trophies are dried and hung inside their huts, and whenever the valiant husband acquires new merit by committing further murders, new testimonials of the same gruesome nature will be added to the string.

Three of the Abyssinian servants of the party were murdered, whilst they were guarding the camels, and their corpses mutilated. Continual watchfulness was necessary, a difficult business under the terrible climatic conditions. Murder and cattle raiding occupy the Danakils' time, and often a tribe becomes so weakened by raids and famine that it is utterly exterminated.

> "This tribe," said the Blind Chief, "was once seven hundred strong, but during the course of my life I have seen it brought down to fifty souls, and that is our number at present. It is the constant raiding which has reduced us."

In such case the fugitives have little chance of escape.

> We found many more cliff-dwellings. . . . In those burnt valleys, where not a thorn bush nor a blade of grass ever grew, where not a bird was ever seen, men had come to seek shelter. They were destitute wretches who had escaped from raids, and came to hide their starveling bodies in these grim rocks, hoping that in that remote and desolate place no man would come to take their miserable lives.

The quotations I have already given are sufficient to show the quality of this book, which is astonishingly vivid and full of a strong personal flavour. The style, indeed, is a strange blend of repeated *clichés*, such as *no mean*, of clumsy expressions such as *sheer fear*, foreign idioms, and vivid flashing rhetoric. The whole is unforgettable and contains many passages of great beauty.

* * *

After a breathing space in the Galla uplands where a primitive civilization exists they descended once more and made their way to the Aussa, famous locally as a land of milk and honey, since there millet is grown, and owing to a good pasturage, meat and milk is so abundant that the Abyssinian members of the party gorged themselves until they were sick with overeating. From Aussa the caravan proceeded in a north-westerly direction through the hinterland of Italian Eritraea, its line of march slowly converging to the sea coast. It was here that Mr. Nesbitt and Signor Pastori made the most striking of their geographical discoveries as they passed through the enormous craters of extinct volcanoes and skirted the sides of a range of active ones which border a series of gigantic and hitherto unknown salt lakes. A more terrible country can scarcely exist anywhere: the heat is such that life can only be supported by constantly sipping water, and the water-holes are far apart and yield meagre supplies.

> With the temperature at 158° F. and more, one loses one's scientific prejudices and theories, and literally goes back to placing one's whole trust in God again. Dregs of water which, in Europe, one would not throw on a roadway, for fear of making it dirty, were measured out among us, in Danakil, as though they had been the contents of the last bottle of some priceless vintage wine.

* * *

It was in these conditions that the utmost patience, generosity and restraint were continually needed, for it was here that the party was in the greatest danger. Thus they were detained for several days on the site where Bianchi's party had been massacred. The chief, an old writhing being, like a dried-up lizard, remembered the massacre and would not let them go. After they had found the talisman, a written paper, to release them from this ancient spider, it was only chance that saved them, as they lay clutching their rifles in the darkness, from a raiding party which had followed in pursuit of them. All that night they lay listening to a terrible voice crying out piteously: "I am a good man . . . I am dying of thirst . . . a good man," while the rumour of a party of other men came from the opposite direction. They lay silent, believing that the voice was that of a treacherous enemy seeking their hiding place, but in the morning they found nearby a half-dead Danakil, who revived after a kidskin of water had been poured into him. But the raiders had passed them by. And so at last they escaped, having crossed the whole length of this unknown country from South to North. "It was written. Allah alone protected us." The reader of *Desert and Forest* is not likely to forget this marvellous picture of a horrible land or the contrast of the simple feline Danakils, standing with one leg twisted about the lance on which they lean, and the ever-patient white man who has ventured into their furnace. It is a magnificent book, and I fear I have failed to do justice to it in this summary.

DAVID GARNETT

LLOYD GEORGE IN EXCELSIS

War Memoirs of David Lloyd George. Vol. III. *Nicholson and Watson.* 21s.

On the day that she was appointed General of the Salvation Army Miss Evangeline Booth remarked of herself that she had been "born with an unusually large measure of charity, mercy and human kindness in her heart." Humility was, apparently, the one virtue lacking. Similarly we may say that Mr. Lloyd George was endowed with an energy, with a quickness of apprehension and a manipulative skill that have never been surpassed by any English politician, and that he must therefore be forgiven for the one fault of being always in the right. In the immense difficulties of the times the only error of judgment, so far as I remember, to which he confesses in this volume is that he appointed Mr. Neville Chamberlain to be Minister of National Service. He explains that error by the fact that the appointment had to be made in a hurry and on the recommendation of others. He had never at that time met Mr. Chamberlain.

This is Mr. Lloyd George's great period—the period of Allied disaster. In the second volume we saw him still chafing under the restrictions of the Asquith Government; in the succeeding volumes when he will have to deal with the election of 1918, with his part in the Versailles Treaty, with the sabotage of the "homes for heroes" promises and with his handling of Ireland, he is scarcely so likely to carry a critical public with him. But as a fighter for the Allied cause when its prospects were blackest, as the one man who succeeded in overcoming the professional obstructionism of the Service departments and the national jealousies of the rival general staffs, and in ending the thousand and one idiocies that arose from a lack of unified command—during this, the period of the submarine campaign, of Arras and Paschaendaele, we see him at his greatest. Without Mr. Lloyd George to induce the Admiralty to accept the convoy system which broke the submarine blockade, and to institute the organisation of joint shipping control and of intelligent rationing of food and raw material, it is highly probable that the Central Powers would have been victorious.

The greatness of his theme has inspired Mr. Lloyd George to some admirable writing, and there is more that will be permanently valuable to students of politics and administration in his incidental observations than in numberless academic text-books. He frequently quotes from illuminating documents that have never before been published, and his narrative is enlivened throughout by scathing comments on his political contemporaries and, above all, on the Allied generals and admirals. To the men whom he himself appointed to new positions, notably to Lord Lee of Fareham, the Geddes brothers, Lord Ernle, Lord Devonport, Lord Rhondda, and to the junior officers whom he picked out and from whom he learnt what their chiefs would not tell him, he is generous in his praise. For his censure of others he usually gives good reasons, but he would have been wise, if indeed he made no considerable mistakes himself, to have invented a few. As it is we are left wondering whether there are other documents which would modify our views if his victims were in a position to publish them in their own defence.

On the whole, however, his judgment of the capacities of the politicians and experts with whom he worked is likely to stand the test of historical inquiry. It is true, as he says, that in a crisis the number of men of first class calibre is found to be small.

> The rest do not count in a crisis. The hummocks that look like eminences in fine weather are quickly submerged in a great flood, when the highest peaks alone are visible above the surface of the waters.

He gives an extremely amusing but not altogether just account of Sir Herbert Samuel who "had taken no part in any of the intrigues that went on. He has always done his own snaring."

Of Mr. Runciman Mr. Lloyd George says:

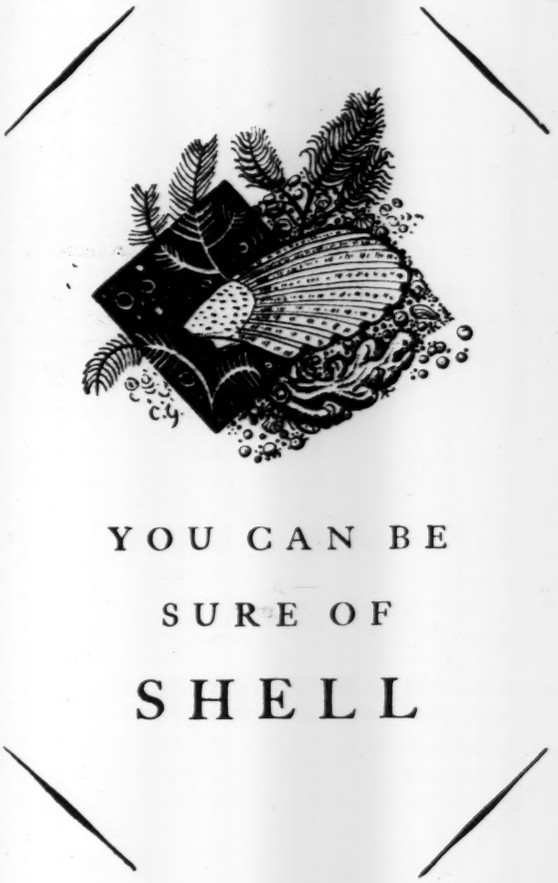
> His most conspicuous attribute is a glib inefficacy, which can explain and expound with forcible and relevant fluency what he is after and why he has never got it.

Of Mr. Churchill he gives a sympathetic portrait, saving up his attack for a final exposure of the rhetorical nonsense which Mr. Churchill has written about the Russian Revolution, as a case of a "ship sank in sight of port." In plain fact no country has ever been governed more fantastically badly than the Russia which the Joint Allied Commission visited just before the Revolution. At that time the troops were often unshod and half clothed; they went into line with three rifles among ten, the others being expected to clap their hands to sound as if they were armed. (Mr. Lloyd George reveals that much of the arms shortage was attributed to the failure of Messrs. Vickers to supply promised consignments.) The transport was in a confusion that beggars description, and the riot of corruption, irresponsibility and incompetency in high places surpasses any known historical parallel.

Where Mr. Lloyd George lashes out—and lashes out most convincingly—is in his account of the attitude of the Admiralty towards the submarine campaign which very nearly won the war for Germany. His account of the opposition of Lord Jellicoe and his staff to the use of convoys to protect our merchant marine makes astonishing reading. The arithmetical error of 2,500 for 140 which led the Admiralty to scout as impossible the proposal to protect merchant ships with convoys was merely symptomatic of an incompetence and "a hardening of professional arteries," which is only reminiscent of the first year of the Crimean War. Rather than use destroyers to protect shipping even when it was being sunk in hundreds of thousands of tons and we were within a few weeks of being starved out, the Admiralty kept their destroyers to protect a fleet of useless and immobile dreadnoughts. It is doubtful whether their view has substantially changed to-day. At least we have in 1934 the spectacle of the Admiralty spokesman explaining the primary importance of capital ships, which are in fact as much out of date to-day as the cavalry which were equally cherished by staff experts in the war. Nothing can more neatly illustrate the nature of the conflict between Mr. Lloyd George and the professional experts than an incidental remark of his about the difficulty of maintaining essential foodstuffs when most of the ploughmen had been conscripted.

> The military chiefs scoffed at the idea that the first issue was being fought in Britain's ploughed fields and on the high seas that surround our islands. Every young ploughman snatched was to them a recruit. In reality he was a casualty before he fell on the battlefield, for he was missing from the front where his services were most needed in the struggle.

Discussing the refusal of the British and French generals to modify their plans for breaking through the German lines on the Western front, Mr. Lloyd George complains—with illustrations—that expert judgment was sometimes warped by jealousy. "Better death (for other soldiers) over the Western front than victory (for other



generals) on any other flank." Of Joffre he says that " his resolute countenance inspired a sense of strength. That is what harassed people instinctively seek in trouble. They make the mistake of thinking that the seat of intelligence is in the chin." Speaking of his obstinate adherence to any plan once made he writes :

> The plan is infallible only if the enemy adapts himself to it. But he sometimes fails to do so. With a perfidy which General Joffre ought to have anticipated in so treacherous a foe, the German refused every time to play the part assigned to her in the plan.

In dealing with the ghastly Neville offensive one feels that Mr. Lloyd George's account may have been unconsciously influenced by the fact that he himself was an enthusiastic supporter of General Neville. He makes a very surprising allegation. After describing how the French plans mysteriously fell by two routes into the hands of the enemy he remarks that

> it is significant that this kind of thing had never happened on either side before this offensive, and it is difficult to believe that it was altogether fortuitous. For some time French generals and their staffs had been conducting a bitter controversy among themselves as to the merits and demerits of the new plan. . . . In the course of the internecine conflict between partisans of rival personalities and places, documents seem to have been freely and widely distributed by the excited combatants. The facility with which the most revealing of these secret papers found their way across the line gives rise to a feeling of suspicion which it is difficult altogether to suppress.

Mr. Lloyd George adds that the capture of their plans was known to the French General Staff but was not, he believes, revealed to the French Cabinet or the British Staff. If it had been some decent men of my acquaintance who died at Arras might have been alive to-day.

The brilliance and subtlety of Mr. Lloyd George's mind leaves no room for doubts about himself or his objectives. He assumes throughout that it was of supreme importance to end the war with victory, he passes over the terrible story of the massacres to which the French staff were driven in the mutiny that followed the Arras fiasco, he has nothing but scorn for President Wilson's efforts to keep the United States out of the war, and it never enters his head to question whether the victory he won was valuable. But the story of the broken promises of 1918 and of 1919 await another volume in which it will be his task to tell us why all the prodigious work of control and co-ordination which he achieved during the war was allowed to disappear, and how, in the Peace Treaty, the ends which alone were supposed to hallow the gigantic sacrifices of these years, were so largely forgotten. KINGSLEY MARTIN

A FRENCHMAN IN CHINA

A Surgeon's China. By ALBERT GERVAIS. Translated by VINCENT SHEEAN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A visit to China, however brief and superficial it may be, is one of those experiences that persons of a literary, ruminative or generalising turn of spirit seldom find it easy to shake off. It is apt to crop up in their conversation. Face to face with a returned traveller, they are anxious to share his stock of memories, to ask what he has seen and whom he has visited; and yet, in the end, they are obliged to confess that they themselves have seen little and that their comprehension of Chinese life and the Chinese mentality does not extend beyond a few and, on the whole, rather confused and unilluminating notes. Thus, records of China are a constant source of interest. Written by travellers of various ages and nationalities, tourists, hardened officials who have spent several decades in arduous and difficult employment, wandering journalists, politicians, stray philosophers and enthusiastic devotees of some vaguely and euphemistically interpreted Eastern cult, their conclusions are always curiously the same. The traveller admires but admits himself baffled; he regrets China but he describes it as a distressing and inhospitable country; he appreciates its inhabitants but deplores their racial traits. A land of death and disease, of corruption and cruelty; yet, when he thinks of it, he cannot help wishing that he was back again.

For China is both fascinating and repulsive, sympathetic—far more sympathetic to the average Westerner than Japan—yet antipathetic to a great many deeply rooted Western instincts. Perhaps there is something corpse-like about its charm. As I read M. Gervais' delightful account of six years spent in a remote Chinese city, I remembered Peking and one particular incident of my own very short stay in that fascinating but ramshackle metropolis. It was on a summer evening. We had driven in from the country, and the car was threading its way through the squalid and dilapidated streets beneath the bastions of the huge inner city wall—streets in which the dregs of a hot and noisy afternoon still bubbled and simmered, streets full of small crowded eating-houses where old men, stripped to the waist, sat smoking, spitting and gossiping, as they stared out across the road, with all the placidity of venerable Chinese. The characteristic smell of China was on the air—the musty aroma of Chinese shops, the smell of sewage, of cooking, with a occasional sickly sweetish breath of opium—and the colour of the buildings was grey, the prevalent dusty grey of Peking, patched here and there by the dim yellow illumination of smoking lamps. Suddenly, we reached a place where the lane was broader. There, stretched in front of the gate of a house, lay a dying mule. A man had just removed its halter; a few children had gathered round and were idly watching its sufferings; and, as we passed, I noticed the thin blueish film that had begun to cover its large starting eyeballs. Then, from the other side of the road, came the sound of a flute. A bamboo flute. . . . The little tune was not ambitious, though soft and pleasing, and those trills and quavers were somehow identified with the idea of death. Both impressions seemed equally inconsequent; the moribund animal and the discursive twiddlings of a vagrant love-song. . . .

But I have wandered inexcusably from Dr. Gervais. No one, I believe, who has himself enjoyed a glimpse of a populous Chinese city will fail to appreciate Dr. Gervais' narrative of his occupations and reflections in the city of Cheng-tu, in the far western province of Szechuan, a city only to be reached by sedan chair or in a springless native cart. The English rendering by Mr. Sheean is straightforward and clear. Unluckily, the author shows an occasional touch of facetiousness but, though his humour—at least, when translated into a foreign language—is often a trifle embarassing, his descriptive passages provide as interesting and startling a picture of Chinese life as I have ever read. For six long years Dr. Gervais worked at a Catholic Mission Hospital and taught at the Chinese Medical College. Once, having been tempted by his students to give a lecture on practical dissection, he was forced to run for his life and the lecture-room was stormed and pillaged by an indignant local mob; while, some months later, he was requested by an enlightened general to repeat the performance, this time vivisecting a notorious bandit recently condemned to death. The populace (it was explained to Dr. Gervais) merely objected to the violation of dead bodies; judicial torture they would take as a matter of course. . . . Dr. Gervais not unnaturally refused to fall in with this plan; and the bandit, then and there, was executed, unpinioned and hoisted on to the dissecting table, under the eyes of assembled notabilities, who had gathered to watch a striking and picturesque demonstration of the methods of modern medical science :

> Shrieks broke out in the hall; it was the Governor's children, crying with terror. What a dreadful idea, to let them see such a spectacle! But the general, laughing, was lifting the little girl up on his knees; and his neighbour, Colonel Chong, picked up the little boy. The crying stopped at once.
>
> " They were crying because they couldn't see very well," Mr. Shu explained to me sedately.

Second Course in Dissection is one of the more lurid episodes of a book that cannot be recommended to sensitive or weak-stomached readers. No less horrifying is Dr. Gervais' account of his experience with certain Chinese patients—how, for example, he was obliged almost to assault an elderly Chinese lady before she would allow him to relieve the agony of her daughter-in-law who suffered from an " extreme case of retention of urine," while her terrorised son sat by, sobbing and expostulating. . . . The book, nevertheless, has its pleasant aspect. Nowhere is the burden of human misery heavier than amid the Chinese labouring classes—coolies who die like worn-out animals in the streets, men who pull a rickshaw all day long, their thin cotton coats plastered to their ribs with sweat, and who sleep (or cough) all night under the windows of the plutocratic Grand Hotel—no race, probably, is more impervious to the sufferings of man and beast; and yet, on summer evenings, the streets of Peking are lined with sedate blue-gowned figures, each promenading his pet singing-bird in a lacquer cage, that the little favourite may have the advantage of air and exercise. Scruple and sentiment do not extend beyond the family. Like other foreign observers, Dr. Gervais notes that the family is the only social unit that the inhabitants of the Middle Kingdom appear to recognise, and that beyond its limits every turpitude seems to be licensed. A man has obligations towards his family, but few or none to the surrounding millions among whom he lives. PETER QUENNELL

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JOYCE WITHOUT END

The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies. By JAMES JOYCE. *Servire Press : The Hague.* Twenty-nine signed, and 1,000 numbered, copies. No prices given.

A common experience of dreams is the multiple activity of the mind. The dreamer, in the middle of some conversation from the previous day, suddenly realises that he is in America; he is confronted with one person and knows himself to be in the presence of another; a landscape, which appears to be green, leaves him with the sensation of red; and so on. There is no contradiction in such impressions, but only the smooth working of the mind on several planes at once. And since dreams are always convincing, these impressions, though they may not coalesce, make a whole.

I am reminded of this phenomenon by the appearance of another fragment from *Work in Progress*. One cannot read far in Mr. Joyce's new book without discovering that its whole method is based on dreams. The characters are at the same time persons and landmarks of Dublin; every scene is played on a revolving stage; and the individual words of Mr. Joyce's prose convey two or more simultaneous meanings, which strike the imagination at different levels. He plays on our sub-consciousness in a multitude of ways, now echoing a forgotten passage, now half-suggesting a thought while our attention is directed elsewhere. The fact that no *single* meaning can be extracted from any paragraph has probably disturbed readers more than the actual difficulty of his verbal inventions. There is only one way of reading the later Joyce, and that is to go by the sound and the rhythm, which are simple enough, and let the meanings look after themselves. We must read passively, but at the same time Mr. Joyce expects of his reader the sort of acuteness which will spot a *double entendre*. If a music-hall audience can appreciate sexual jokes in this way, there is no reason why educated readers should not be capable of catching the allusions, historical and topical, which are embedded in *Work in Progress*. We may miss a good deal—Mr. Joyce's fondness for Dublin and modern languages may baffle the outsider—but what emerges is slapstick raised to the status of art; and, indeed, as a master of ribald poetry, Mr. Joyce has few equals in literature.

The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies begins, then, in a Dublin theatre—"Every evening at lighting up o'clock sharp and until further notice in Feenichts Playhouse (bar and conveniences always open)." A number of characters are introduced after the manner of the newspaper serial—"and now read on here"—but most of them do not reappear. The playhouse fades; it is perhaps a summer evening, and the fairies and gnomes and principals of pantomime jig through the dusk, ending on a tableau.

> The flossies all and the mossies all they drooped upon her draped brimfall. The bowknots, the showlots, they wilted into woeblots. The pearlagraph, the pearlagraph, knew whitchly whether to weep or laugh. For always down in Carolinas lovely Dinahs vaunt their view.

Bits of nursery rhyme, doggerel, popular songs waft them away. Dublin becomes Eden; from a chorus of sprites whose names spell the word Raynbow we come to the house of Amanti and the names of advertisers. So it goes on, at a good pace, this mad midsummer night's dream. If there is a mime at all, after the first few pages, it is the mime of words, which tumble into strange postures and dance through catalogues of colours, sweetmeats, bawdy prayers, Dublin slang, till at last "by deep request" the curtain drops. In the meantime, as usual, Mr. Joyce has given us a bit of everything from Adam to Mademoiselle of Armentières, and however difficult an exercise it might prove for the precis-writer, this "cosmological fairy-tale" is rich in satire and pure magic. The delight which one finds in words like "mother-in-lieu," or such a phrase as "making a bolderdash for lubberty of speech," is sharper than the ordinary pleasures of prose. The scenes, the landscapes and characters of Mr. Joyce's fantasy are squeezed into animated words.

Reading the fifty pages of this new "fragment"—so carefully written and written over—we are reminded, with awe and almost with horror, of the parent work, that vast snowball trundling down some hidden slope, of which this is merely a chip thrown into the sky. How many thousand *Micks* and *Anna Livias* has it gathered up in its course? And when will it reach the bottom? The reviewer foresees a day when he, too, will be expected to go out with a search party, ice-axe and Vico in hand, to examine the new landmark and scratch his initials in the ice. Meanwhile, he is content with a crystal or two.

The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies, though not so good as *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, is a fair specimen of its author's prose. It contains, by the way, for those who have the true crossword mind, scriptural references on pages 3, 7 and 32, etc.; an acrostic on p. 16; advertisements of skin foods and hair tonics (reversed) on p. 38; a quotation from *Ulysses* on p. 34; and rhymes and ribaldry *partout*.

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

Chalk and Cheese. By RICHARD VAUGHAN. *John Miles.* 7s. 6d.

Youth is a Crime. By CHARLOTTE HALDANE. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.

Tender is the Night. By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.

Adolescents at school are the subject of both *Chalk and Cheese* and *Youth is a Crime*; Mr. Vaughan's scheme admits no glimpse of home life, and Mrs. Haldane's makes it quite subsidiary. The initial impulse to write may, in both cases, have been aesthetic, although I suspect that in an earlier era essay or autobiographical sketch would have been the outcome; but the guiding impulse in both has been of the conscious mind barely influenced by the imagination, so that material sometimes obviously drawn from poignant memories has a flattened effect and the reader may be interested, but is never moved. Each writer identifies himself with the chief character, and is with that chief character bounded by the narrowness of extreme youth; but where an artist would make these very limitations a glory by conveying the intensity of emotion, the vividness of impression, which are extreme youth's prerogatives, Mr. Vaughan and Mrs. Haldane, chroniclers only, keep the reader bound to a pedestrian journey.

The hero of *Chalk and Cheese* is Orleigh, a seventeen-year-old boy who, snatched from a Rhodesian school which is "run," as the author and prospectuses say, "on Public School lines," is plunged into an advanced Austrian school, without even being warned that it is co-educational. He is a timid-minded creature, fond of Rugger, and has never heard of Goethe or Nietzsche—although, oddly enough, he knows about the Dalton plan—and he is outraged by the assumptions ruling at Stetzheim, by "the harmony existing between the pupils and the teachers," the general good will, and the freedom of converse and conversation between girls and boys. "Their whole attitude was very puzzling, and it perturbed him to find that everything seemed so easy. . . . What it boiled down to was this. If he accepted this free and easy attitude towards life he would be completely denying all his previous upbringing. Which would not only be absurd but impossible." For a term and a half—after which he is snatched away—we watch his struggles to adjust himself to liberty and high-mindedness; which struggles are complicated by his falling in love with his American co-pupil, Ann, but are mainly caused by his conventionality, vanity and pride. These traits are well indicated—Orleigh is by no means an idealised hero—but the incidents chosen to display them, all perfectly probable, contribute to the flatness of the whole; in none is there that heightened inevitability which turns the commonplace into the universal and throws a new, because an individual, light on human problems. This want of light and shade is largely due to the fact that the beloved Ann, the hated Sam, the admired Werner, are sketched in a perfunctory manner, so that Orleigh's contacts with them have no immediacy: they impinge but dully on his consciousness, and so but dully on the reader's. Perfunctory too, and therefore disconcerting after the strong sympathy Mr. Vaughan has shown towards new ideas in education, is the way in which the head-master, represented as profound, noble and acute, deals with the situation of Dulcie, who is pregnant by another pupil. He is concerned to assure Orleigh that "it" has only occurred once in twenty-five years, and hustles Dulcie into marriage with the precipitancy of any Victorian mamma. No wonder that Orleigh, who had become an almost total convert to Stetzheim notions, begins to wobble on the last page. "Why not compromise, it could do no harm?" Aesthetically, however, compromise is harmful. It matters little that the novelist's conscious mind is divided on the huge subject of education; but that his imagination should have failed to seize whole and suck in the material chosen is fatal. The horizontal intellect may hedge, but that part of the writer's mind which goes down vertically into the unconscious must be at unity with itself concerning the subject in hand. Only thus is an interesting illusion sustained.

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We are with Mrs. Haldane's Elizabeth much longer—from the ages of nine to sixteen. Her father was a German Jew, her mother a French-American. At twelve they removed from London to Antwerp, and the child exchanged Highgate High School for a German gymnasium. Unlike Orleigh, Elizabeth was an unnaturally brilliant and delightful girl, "abnormally sensitive to beauty," one for whom, at fourteen, "Pallas Athene was a still living incarnation of knowledge, Balder of human beauty, Hermes of urgent errands of gods. . . . Loki and Prometheus divine and human guardians of sacred flames," and the sort of ugly duckling whose ugliness is not intended to deceive. An author's patent tenderness towards his own characters always rouses a contrary, exacting spirit in the reader; but even allowing for this, Elizabeth is not a sufficiently interesting person to carry the whole weight of the book upon her shoulders, and this is what she is required to do. Her parents are barely even sketched; her friends are shadowy, purely *ficelle* beings, designed to show off Elizabeth's exquisite sympathy, precociously unconventional views and intellectual development. The rich, coarse, bourgeois society of mixed Flemings, Germans, Walloons and Jews, the social cliques, the anti-Semitism, the snobbery of her background, are but faintly indicated. There is no atmosphere. *Youth is a Crime* ends with an indictment of "grown-ups" for the way in which they rear their young; and this comes as a surprise, for Elizabeth not only suffered no ill-effects from her ignorance of sexual matters but she even, such was her purity, refused enlightenment when her friends offered it; and it is hard to see how knowledge could have saved her friend Liese from being raped. Mrs. Haldane's weakness is, in fact, the same as Mr. Vaughan's: she has become intellectually acquainted, not imaginatively identified, with her theme.

We have grown so used to skilful stage-management in fiction—the standard of technical accomplishment is now so high—that it is surprising to find Mr. Scott Fitzgerald muddling us by the introduction of too many persons in his opening scene. But this minor fault is readily overlooked when it becomes clear what a feast of interesting situation and complex character is spread before us—and of ideas expressing themselves through situation and character. Unlike technical accomplishment, ideas are not common in fiction, and when present seldom coalesce with the "story"; more often than not poverty of ideas lies behind the careful prose, the subtle epithet. The richness of *Tender is the Night* resides in the author's conception of life and personality. Incidentally, he evokes the Mediterranean coast in June, so that it is with a shock that the reader, coming to, finds himself surrounded by an English autumn; but his chief concern is to reveal the intricacy of Dick Diver's relation to his rich and beautiful young wife Nicole, and the way in which, in the space of five years, her extreme dependence on him was changed into emancipation, and how this very process entailed his deterioration from a brilliant young psychiatrist to an obscure, tippling doctor.

We meet the Divers in 1925, on the beach which their "discovery" is making fashionable, and see them first through the eyes of the very young film-star Rosemary Hoyt. They are all American. Rosemary falls in love with Dick (in an amusing passage, he wearily registers the familiarity of her gambit, "I'm in love with you *and Nicole*") and he less quickly with her, but he rejects her on the grounds of his love for his wife, without informing her or us what the explanation of the slight mystery surrounding Nicole is. They are happy together: "Later she remembered all the hours of the afternoon as happy—one of those uneventful times that seem at the moment only a link between past and future pleasure, but turn out to have been the pleasure itself." But they separate, and in a throw-back we are shown how Dick and Nicole met, and the earlier stages of Nicole's recurrent mental disorder. Rosemary is but one nail in the coffin of the Divers' love, and I am not convinced that the method of the initial mystery and the subsequent throw-back are here justified. Rosemary is thereby given an importance at the start which is not sustained; for later in the book, after she has become Dick's mistress, she is casually dismissed by him as "never having grown up" without the author bothering to confirm the verdict. The book, that is to say, is not as shapely as it might have been; and the introduction of various violent incidents owes more to Faulkner, Dashiel Hamnet and Hemingway than to the authentic Mr. Scott Fitzgerald; but the main situation is handled with delicacy and force, and makes *Tender is the Night* one of those rare novels which one can with enthusiasm and a clear conscience recommend.

E. B. C. JONES

LORD ESHER

Journals and Letters of Reginald, Viscount Esher. Edited by M. V. BRETT. Vol. I, 1870–1903. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 25s.

This is an attractive memorial to a very interesting man. The late Lord Esher was a kind of *eminence grise* in English politics for something like forty years. He knew everyone; he was at the centre of most things; and place after place of vital importance, including the Viceroyalty of India, was offered to him. He sat for a brief period in Parliament in the 'eighties; he was for a still briefer period Lord Hartington's secretary; and for seventeen years he was secretary to the Office of Works. From that somewhat curious vantage point he became a close adviser of the Crown; and it is evident from this volume with how much of inner political significance he was in contact.

It is clear from this book that he was by no means an ordinary person. He had wide interests, which extended from the higher ranges of political principle to the aesthetic appeal of a Windsor uniform. He was absorbed by the play of personality; Gladstone, Rosebery, Harcourt, Chamberlain, Cecil Rhodes, interested him as people, and he made a shrewd estimate of their qualities. He was devoid of the major ambitions, but he had the two great gifts of making useful contacts and offering good advice at the critical moment. He could be omnipresent without being obtrusive. He was invariably tactful without ever being indiscreet. In contact with Royalty, he could exercise the requisite mental obeisances without carrying them over into his normal life. Lord Esher, in short, was that admirable combination of courtier, civil servant, and man of the world produced rather naturally by the second half of the Victorian epoch. The late Colonel Brett, who has edited this volume with tact and delicacy, has given us a portrait of an interesting type we are not likely to see again.

The volume, of course, is a footnote to history rather than history itself. The student will find a little significant material on the Jameson Raid (not very creditable to Mr. Chamberlain), some really useful information about the condition of the War Office in the last years of the century, and innumerable illuminating anecdotes about the eminent of the period. But it is less for the gossip, a little of it important gossip, that the volume will be read (it needs malice and indiscretion to help the historian) than for its unconscious portrait of an epoch which now seems almost antiquity. One reads it with envy at its security, and amazement at its narrowness. It was rarely conscious of the problems it was creating for its successor; and it seldom even sought to penetrate below the surface of its placid sense of success. There are, indeed, signs, very notably in his references to Ireland, that Lord Esher was aware of these deficiencies; but the perception of them is peripheral always, and never central, in his mind. His is a picture of that cosmopolitan world of aristocracy, politicians, and financiers who held the threads of government in their hands after 1880, and never dreamed how largely they were the instruments of vast impersonal forces they could not control.

It is the life of the big country house, the peer to whom his place at Jubilee or Coronation is a vital matter, the world in which a gracious word from the sovereign is treasured as a family heirloom, in which a Labour leader is a curiosity, and the man of science hardly known. The great hostesses, like the Duchess of Sutherland, the great financiers, like the Rothschilds, the political leaders, stand out in the picture like mountains in a landscape. One hears always of problems in terms of persons: there are no issues of mass-wants. The man of letters, like Oscar Wilde, enters the scene as a playboy who gets into trouble; the judge (Lord Esher's father) emerges as a man troubled not by the problems of his calling but, as the son reports, by the injury inflicted upon the status of Master of the Rolls when, unlike the Lord Chief Justice, he is not in the House of Lords. Empire begins to cast its shadows over the domestic horizon; but there seems no sense of doubt or hesitation about its price. It is a very tranquil world, self-absorbed, contented, confident. Not until the shock of the South African war demonstrated its inefficiency and its dangerous isolation, did it begin to examine its foundations. And it was then too late to make the revision profound enough for the problems that emerged. Lord Esher's delicate awareness of the margins of this world he draws so deftly will play a real part in the grasp of this epoch in future histories.

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The seventeenth century was, in England, an age of transition. The old and new orders lived, on the whole, fairly comfortably together; and brought a rich confusion, a wealth of variety, to the life of the country which could compare not unfavourably with the golden age of Elizabeth. The sonorous latinisms of Sir Thomas Browne's prose supported a profound philosophy, and lost nothing of its sense or rhythm just because its author happened to believe in the horoscope. "I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me." The wit and the speculative curiosity of Pepys and Aubrey were, one cannot help thinking, quickened by their ingenuous credulity. Pepys, that able Government official, was quite prepared to believe that "negroes drounded look white, and lose their blackness"; and Aubrey, collecting medicinal tips from the countryside, gives us the following naive cure for the Thrush:

> Take a living frog, and hold it in a cloth, that it does not go down into the child's mouth; and put the head into the child's mouth 'till it is dead; and then take another frog, and do the same.

And his view of the veterinary art, which resolves itself into a text-book of homoeopathic magic, provides at the same time some of the most entertaining reading in the language. In that age of witches and alchemy and the birth of the inductive method in scientific research, even a Newton could not quite shake off the fetters of the Middle Ages; and there is proof that he, too, "sought the transmutation of metals into gold," and neglected not the search of the mediaeval alchemist for that universal panacea, the Philosopher's Stone.

We have no record of Newton's horoscope, but it must have been unusually sinister; for the planetary conjunction at his birth well-nigh proved fatal. He was prematurely born and was for some years a sick and ailing child. Indeed, at first he had to wear a bolster round his neck to support his head, because he was too weak to hold it upright. But, if one looks at the portrait by Sir James Thornhill, which Mr. More reproduces as a frontispiece, this incapacity need not unduly surprise us. For in this portrait the head, which was unusually large, is depicted as poised on the slenderest of necks. Another story, which Newton himself liked to repeat, is to the effect that his mother often told him that he was so small at birth that he might have been put into a quart mug. But these early disabilities seem not to have had any lasting influence on his later years. He lived to a great old age and enjoyed, for those times, the most robust health.

As a boy he went to school at Grantham, and lodged with an apothecary. It is conceivable that he assisted in the compounding of drugs in the shop, which might account for an early interest in chemistry. But his favourite occupation seems to have been the making of mechanical toys. We must be grateful to Mr. More for including this charming note of Stukeley's in his biography:

> About this time, a new windmill was set up near Grantham, in the way to Gunnerby, which is now demolished, this country chiefly using water mills. Our lad's imitating spirit was soon excited and by frequently prying into the fabric of it, as they were making it, he became master enough to make a very perfect model thereof, and it was said to be as clean and curious a piece of workmanship as the original. This sometimes he would set upon the house-top, where he lodged, and, clothing it with sail-cloth, the wind would readily turn it; but what was most extraordinary in its composition was that he put a mouse into it, which he called the miller, and that the mouse made the mill turn round when he pleased; and he would joke too upon the miller eating the corn that was put in. Some say that he tied a string to the mouse's tail, which was put into a wheel, like that of turn-spit dogs, so that pulling the string made the mouse go forward by way of resistance, and this turned the mill.

But his earliest excursions into science were not confined to experimenting with the miller. He made a water-clock, a number of sun-dials, and some paper kites for his school-fellows:

> Likewise he first made lanterns of paper crimped, which he used to go to school by, in winter mornings, with a candle, and tied them to the tails of the kites in a dark night, which at first affrighted the country people exceedingly, thinking they were comets.

Before reaching Cambridge, Newton became engaged to a Miss Storey, but absence—and a complete absorption in the study of geometry—proved fatal to the affair; which, without any friction, died a natural death. For the rest of his life, when he was not engaged in acrimonious controversy with Hooke,

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Huygens or Leibniz, he devoted himself to the study of science in one form or another, with an occasional departure—not always happily—into the realm of metaphysic and religious speculation. Although Newton almost always got the better of his distinguished contemporaries, the least criticism aroused bitter feelings of suspicion and resentment in him; and there are traces in his character of an unyielding pride in his infallibility which does not agree well with the tenets of his own philosophy. At the age of thirty-three he could write the following sentence to Hooke, who had ventured to bring in question his proposition concerning the composition of white light: "If I have seen further, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants." A remark which, as Mr. More notices, is not so humble as it seems.

Mr. More's biography is bound to become the standard authority on Newton. But the general reader must be warned that it is extremely long—there are over 660 pages of text—and that much of it is devoted to a consideration of Newton's discoveries in a technical language which is rather heavy going. However, even if these passages are inclined to be, for the non-scientific reader, a trifle dull, they are most admirably stated; and the author has clearly resisted a fuller appreciation of Newton's work by remembering that he was writing a biography and not a treatise on mathematics. As instances of this unselfishness may be quoted Mr. More's excellent chapters on Newton's interest in chronology and religion, his acquaintance with the life of the Universities and of London, his brief sketches of contemporary public men, and the very thorough grasp of seventeenth-century civilisation in all its aspects which are revealed in his book. It is not often that a biography is produced nowadays of which one is able to record that the character of the subject is justly set off against a clearly stated exposition of his interests and activities. This, Mr. More has achieved. And he has drawn his Newton to scale without any of that tiresome exuberance which makes most modern biographers belittle their hero's contemporaries in order that he may the more easily over-stride them. This book is a monument of modern scholarship; and, without any doubt, the best biography of Newton that has yet appeared.

RICHARD STRACHEY

A NEW SOVIET LIBRARY

Supply and Trade in the U.S.S.R. By W. NODEL. *Gollancz.* 3s. 6d.

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Foreign Trade in the U.S.S.R. By J. D. YANSON. *Gollancz.* 3s. 6d.

Co-operation in the U.S.S.R. By LESLIE A. PAUL. *Gollancz.* 3s. 6d.

Not so long ago the almost simultaneous publication of a whole bookshelf of works on Soviet institutions by avowed Bolsheviks, however eminent, would have been an unthinkably hazardous enterprise. When the word Russia was still a recognised synonym for famine and collapse, and plain men referred to the Five Year Plan in the same tones they would have used about a project to visit the moon in a rocket, the only literature on the subject which had any chance of arousing popular interest was of the "slave labour" and "religious persecution" school, while anything even remotely official was ignored as mere propaganda.

Times are certainly changed, and Russia has become almost respectable. The anti-Soviet press has lost much of its venom, if only because all the "slave labour" and "religious persecution" type is now required for Hitler. Once the pariah of Europe, the Soviet is now wooed by proud nations to join their councils. Her advance in the teeth of world depression can no longer be mistaken, even by her enemies. Her triumphs have penetrated even to the stratosphere. Belatedly, but inevitably, she has dragged unwilling recognition from her critics.

This, then, is certainly the right moment for the publication of a popular authoritative survey of the whole field of Soviet activity, and when the thirteen volumes of this library are completed all the main landmarks will have received attention. The work has been specially commissioned by the publishers from specialists holding key positions in the Soviet hierarchy. Nodel is the editor of the official organ of the Commissariat of Supply; Semashko was for twelve years the Commissar of Health; Markov is the literary director of the Moscow Art Theatre; and Yanson, well

The Occasional Writer

by EDWARD ANTON

There has grown up, in recent years, a considerable body of educated men and women who devote some part of their leisure in the writing of stories and articles for the Press: primarily, as an interesting hobby, but also, in most cases, as a useful means of adding to existing income.

Their regular occupations and professions may be as various as can be imagined: but their hobby links them together as a body upon which almost every organ of the Press now relies for the filling of a greater or lesser portion of its pages. I believe, in fact, that very few indeed of the four thousand publications which appear in this country do not depend to some extent upon the work of non-professional writers.

It is an undeniable fact that some of the most attractive and informative articles and many of the most successful stories which we read to-day are the work of these occasional writers. I know of some writers of outstanding brilliance indeed, who have become regular contributors to some of our leading newspapers and journals through the guidance and assistance they received from The London School of Journalism.

It is, of course, essential that any would-be writer should acquire a knowledge of Press *technique* before bombarding editors with MSS. However able a writer of English a man may be, however fertile he may be in subjects for articles or plots for stories, he has yet to learn *how* those articles and stories should be written before they can be regarded as suitable for publication.

But the gaining of the required knowledge is neither an arduous nor an expensive matter, thanks to the very sound and practical methods of instruction (by correspondence) pursued with such signal success by The London School of Journalism.

There are, of course, schools and schools, and it is well that the intending writer should discriminate. Discrimination will certainly lead him to the School just mentioned, for it is a true centre of literary instruction which was founded by well-known journalists; it is directed by well-known journalists, and the instruction is entirely in the hands of journalists and authors of long and successful experience and repute.

The School has earned the confidence of the Press and of all who have committed themselves to its care. This is evidenced by the favourable comments passed upon its work by such responsible organs as *The Spectator*, *Truth*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Morning Post*, *Review of Reviews*, *Public Opinion*, etc.: and by the hundreds of letters received by the School from students who speak with equal gratitude of the success they have attained and the large part played by the School in its achievement.

A considerable number of its students earn regularly, by spare time writing, amounts varying from £200 to £300: whilst an appreciable number gain far larger amounts. Numbers of them live overseas, proving that distance contributes no obstacle in the gaining of a knowledge of the indispensable *technique*, and as for their work, it is appearing in literally every newspaper and periodical in the British Isles and Dominions as well as in American journals.

Should the possibilities of "free-lance" literary work interest any reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION I would recommend him (or her) to investigate them by getting into touch with the School.

Better still, if it is possible to send a short MS. of any kind by way of example, it will enable Sir Max Pemberton, Director of Studies, to pronounce an opinion as to the writer's chances of success. No fee is charged for this preliminary advice which has proved so helpful to many, and no obligation is incurred.

Full particulars of the School's Courses, Fees, etc., with a great deal of useful and interesting information will be found in the Prospectus, which will be sent post free on application by postcard or letter or by the coupon printed below.

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known in London as a former chairman of Arcos, is now directing the Foreign Trade Research Institute in Moscow. The object of the library, as the publishers emphasise, is to explain how things work; to show us over the machinery of the world's first Socialist State. All the volumes have two qualities in common: a commendable absence of the jargon which has spoilt so much writing on Russia (due perhaps to the fact that all the volumes have been excellently translated in London) and a dignity which originates in a consciousness of unique achievement. It is refreshing to find a "This is Russia—take it or leave it" air from official Soviet pens.

So up to date is the information contained in the library that much of it has almost the quality of news. I have read many impressions of the working of the system of "closed" and "open" co-operatives—and indeed on several occasions have obtained impressions myself—but nothing I have read or seen has given me such a complete understanding of the mechanism of Soviet distribution as does *Supply and Trade*. Could anything offer a clearer picture of a unique feature of the Soviet experiment than this? "Every factory in the Soviet Union is gradually developing into a base serving the different needs of the various groups of workers and their families. The factories build schools, kindergartens, clubs, dining rooms, shops for the workers, establish their own farms to increase supplies for the workers, improve their skill, attend to their leisure, and provide them with proper housing conditions." We are shown, too, a vast machine for communal feeding—nearly nine million people in the cities habitually eat now in public dining rooms. We catch a glimpse of the enormity of the supply problem—"at the present time, production of boots is at the rate of half a pair per year per inhabitant of the Soviet Union; this is ten times as much as before the war, but it is still insufficient."

In *Health Protection*, also, there is a mass of information—startling and fascinating. In 1914, twenty-three million patients were registered in Tsarist hospitals; there were 7½ million cases of typhus and nearly three million cases of tuberculosis. The infant mortality rate was nearly 250 per 1,000 (reduced since the Revolution to 170 per 1,000). Whole villages were known as "kurnosovka" (snub-nosed) through being in the grip of syphilis in its tertiary period. There follows an impressive account of one of the most efficient medical services in the world, including a section on the fight against abortions which might teach our civilised country a great deal, were it only willing to learn.

As a layman, I commend *The Soviet Theatre* with the minimum of comment. It is almost a commonplace that no Russian institution has seen greater post-Revolution changes than the stage. Artists will squabble eternally about the place of the theatre in a nation's life, and this book will give them facts with which to garnish their theories At least no one will question the elasticity of a theatre which can present *Hamlet* in an ancient Azerbaijan setting and rewrite Molière into a Soviet comedian. The objective of the Soviet theatre is plainly stated. "It remains, in its essence, agitational, for it has a message, a summons to a new life, a new classless society. Under the conditions of the second Five Year Plan, the theatre has been assigned the task of transforming the individual and bringing up citizens of the Socialist State."

There is one particular gem which I should like to quote from J. D. Yanson's able and remarkably complete *Foreign Trade*. Referring to the anti-Soviet dumping campaign, he writes "There were cases when the buyers of Soviet goods (butter, timber, etc.) at the meetings of their trade organisations passed resolutions against Soviet exports and immediately after such meetings went to the Soviet trade agencies, showed the resolutions passed, and urged on them the necessity of a further reduction in prices"!

Mr. Paul's *Co-operation in the U.S.S.R.* is not strictly a part of the new library, but it adequately fills a gap which would otherwise remain in the official series. The author himself modestly describes it as "a footnote to the literature on the U.S.S.R." It is pedestrian in style and not always up to date statistically, but it ably embodies the fruits of valuable research studies. P. W.

SHORTER NOTICES

New Editions. For the third edition of his **Grammar of Politics** (*Allen and Unwin*, 18s.), Professor Laski contributes a new Preface urging that the events of the nine years that have passed since its original publication have "reinforced rather than diminished the truth of the central principles it laid down." The book remains the most comprehensive and important effort made in this country since the war to re-examine the standard conceptions of the relation of the State to the individual and the State to world society. Messrs. Gollancz have done well to republish the three large volumes of Trotsky's **History of the Russian Revolution** at the extremely cheap price of 10s. 6d. The volume is of quite manageable proportions, although it contains nearly 1,300 pages. It is a great history, brilliant in grasp and execution. The republication of Lewisohn's **Sir Basil Zaharoff** (Gollancz, 5s.) is wonderfully apt. It is an amusing and devastating work which has never, as far as we know, been seriously challenged. The sensational American inquiry into the activities of Sir Basil and other armament manufacturers makes the book particularly good reading just now and, more, politically important.

Letters of William Michael Rossetti to Anne Gilchrist and Her Son Herbert Gilchrist. Edited by CLARENCE GOHDES and PAUL FRANKLIN BAUM. *Duke University Press.* 11s. 6d.

These unpublished letters contain—if the contradiction is allowable—nothing really new, but they are worth reading for all that. William Michael Rossetti helped Mrs. Gilchrist to complete her husband's *Blake*—and his Selection first roused her enthusiasm for Walt Whitman. On these subjects especially they corresponded, Whitman being the grand theme. The letters make a slender volume, but they extend over more than twenty years, and have considerable interest even apart from the known sequel to Mrs. Gilchrist's Whitmania—here reflected at its birth. There is charm in William Michael's constant air of good breeding, good feeling and sweet reasonableness; and the enjoyment to be got from these quiet pages proves him (when one comes to think of it) a letter-writer of some talent. It is a pity that owing to the book's high price only a few scholars, probably, will ever see it.

Week-end Competitions

No. 236

Set by Margaret Macalister

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a select library of ten volumes suitable for:

(*a*) A fraudulent company promoter's prison cell (religious works excluded);
(*b*) A Youth Hostel (guide-books excluded);
(*c*) A librarian off duty;
(*d*) A dyspeptic lighthouse-keeper.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, September 28.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 234

Set by John Moore

Suppose—if you can suppose such an awful thing—that something in the nature of an Anti-Vice Society had existed in Elizabethan times. Give an extract from a protest made by this society after the First Night of *Romeo and Juliet*. It is suggested, but not insisted, that the protest should concentrate on those speeches of Mercutio which immediately precede the Balcony Scene. Entries, to be eligible for a prize, must be printable. For the best two protests we offer a First Prize of Two Guineas, and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea.

Report by John Moore

I thought I was being rather clever when I set this competition and I got the deserts of a swelled head when I received the entries, which were few and somewhat half-hearted. Only six competitors realised that I wanted an *Elizabethan* protest, not a modern one. All these were scholarly. I liked Mik's line "This vile Mercutio, evidentlie the author in a disguise"; and Allan M. Laing had a splendid beginning "Marry come up! Shall our simple maids be debauched by the lewd intent of a tinsel-gilt, rascally rakehell, a paltry playhouse pimp, whose empty mind is but a thirsty conduit for a loose scribbler's filth? Go to it, sirs, is not fornication ripe enow among us that ye must instruct the very prentices that goggle, ears atwitch, from the back benches, to look with lecherous eye upon their masters' maids? Ay, marry, and ye think to cozen wiser heads with a honey of the sweet sounding words Master Shakespear hath ever at his call. Yet are they in truth naught but the rainbow-scum that masks the stinking waters of iniquity." This is real Elizabethan stuff; because in the Golden Age even a protest

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LONDON: JOHN MURRAY

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3rd Impression at Press.

MEMOIRS of a RACING JOURNALIST *by Sidney Galtrey*
"Hotspur" of the Daily Telegraph.
"The live, confident, well-informed and outspoken book which his friends and his readers would expect. Mr. Galtrey recaptures the stir, the bustle, the excitement, the suspense, and even the agonizing torment of the scene."—J. B. FIRTH, *Daily Telegraph.* Illus. 12/6.

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against roses and raptures would be clothed in poetry and would be a-dance with the spirit of adventurous times.

Anne Thrope and L. V. Upward were also good; but there was no difficulty in choosing the winners—Lionel Millard, who has first prize for wit, and Hugh Shearman, who gets second for scholarship (unfortunately I have not enough space to print this entry). Lionel Millard's entry was very long, and since I foolishly put no limit of words to the competition I have taken the liberty of cutting it for the purpose of printing it below; but I am sorry to lose its very jolly preamble, which protested largely and generally against "cock fighting, morrises, tennis, baiting of bears and bulls, sliding on the ice, leaping, shooting, wrestling, running at the quinten, bowling, hunting, may-games, health-drinking, church ales, bagnios, common stews, bordellos, dice-playing, and the like dangerous pastimes and depravities." Thus all puritans; to whom the answer is that whether or not they be virtuous, there shall yet be cakes and ale—"Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too!"

FIRST PRIZE

. . . Thus far in general. My more particular is with two characters who never put their noses out of the tiring house without offending all decent and virtuous citizens (though I dare say there were none of that condition at the Theatre this day). The one is a hotheaded brawler by name Mercutio, whose bravadoes and swordplay and certain whimsicalities that he uttered touching the Queen of Fairies gave great delight, but who never so much as opened his mouth save to break a filthy jest or lewd pleasantry. Master Abel hath a list of his sayings which, when your Lordship shall read, you shall understand why I am at this moment unable to eat so innocent a fruit as a pear or a medlar: and why have I put by incontinent the Flemish gown that your Lordship graciously gave me, only for remembering that, though of English wool no doubt, it was purchased at the town of Poperinghe; a strange alteration in one who hath ever greatly delighted in such fruits and whose wardrobe hath nothing in it braver than the said gown. Howbeit a couple of lines mouthed by this fellow Mercutio and an impudent gesture that put all the multitude in a roar have sufficed to work this nausea in me.

The other of the twain is an ancient crone, nurse to Juliet, forever harping on the amorous delights now beyond her save by proxy, who continuously disparages the blessed state of virginity in despite of Christ's holy Mother and the dazzling example of our Sovereign Lady: nor saw I any wench in the place but of a kind heartily to relish such blasphemies.

There is, moreover, an old lecher, father to Juliet, whose mammerings show how his youth was spent, misspent I would say, Master Kemp too, as a foolish follower, sounds with no abridged plummet all the depths of scurrility. And the very centre of this nastiness, the young Romeo himself, is shown at the outset as mistressed (albeit lightly enough), and is continually comforted in his concupiscence by a Papistical and prolixious friar. Nay more and to conclude, we were presented to the lovers hot from their (scarce can I term it so) nuptial bed.

In fine your Lordship hath here, as you surmised, one more folly, and peradventure the most stinking, of our corrupt stage; which I dwell on as your Lordship hath commanded, in the hope that if the Privy Council dispose itself to forbid such spectacles, some may yet be saved from damnation. If the elder of our statesmen are too faint and timid for such a course, haply some *New Statesman** may take heart of grace and second your labours. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, saith Juvenal, and I would fain believe that the youths who wantoned in this pageant of profanity might yet eschew their folly, did Authority but speak, before sin hath cankered them too deep. In your godly toiling to this end I ever applaud your Lordship's zeal as I do love and honour your person.

Your Lordship's true devoted Friend and Servant,

LODOWICK SHAPTON

This xvi day of May, 1593

* Editor's Note.—The italics are a curious printer's error. Against this passage is scrawled in a vigorous handwriting. "This is rank treason.—E.R."

LIONEL MILLARD

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 91.—THE FIVE LIARS

Betty, Ethel, Joan, Kitty and Mary went in for an examination. Each of them sent home an (alleged) "complete table of results." Unfortunately, no two tables agreed. Two of the girls had each made two mis-statements; the other three had each made four. But only one girl gave her own place correctly.

In the letters home, the placings were stated to be as follows:

By Betty: (1) Kitty, (2) Ethel, (3) Joan, (4) Betty, (5) Mary.
By Ethel: (1) Kitty, (2) Betty, (3) Joan, (4) Mary, (5) Ethel.
By Joan: (1) Betty, (2) Kitty, (3) Joan, (4) Ethel, (5) Mary.
By Kitty: (1) Kitty, (2) Betty, (3) Ethel, (4) Joan, (5) Mary.
By Mary: (1) Kitty, (2) Ethel, (3) Betty, (4) Mary, (5) Joan.

What in fact is the correct order?

PROBLEM 89.—BRIDGE

1st Rubber: Colonel and Doctor beat Padre and Admiral.
2nd Rubber: Doctor and Padre beat Colonel and Admiral.
3rd Rubber: Colonel and Admiral beat Doctor and Padre.
4th Rubber: Colonel and Doctor beat Padre and Admiral.
5th Rubber: Colonel and Padre beat Doctor and Admiral.

An analysis of *possible* winning scores gives the following (in £):

79	61	53	47	43	35
33	29	25	21	17	15
11	7	3	1		

But two scores must be selected which show a difference that is a multiple of £15.

These are

61 : 1
47 : 17
33 : 3

But only in the first case are the conditions regarding losses fulfilled. 61 (i.e. 18 + 23 + 13 + 16 − 9) − 1 (i.e. 18 + 9 + 13 − 23 − 16) = 15 [33 (i.e. 23 − 18 − 9 − 13 − 16) − 29 (i.e. 9 + 16 − 18 − 23 − 13)] Winnings and losses are therefore as set out above.

PROBLEM 88.—THE NEURASTHENIC

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: R. C. Couzens, 62 Childebert Road, S.W.17.

Ten points are awarded.

SPHINX CLUB DINNER

Caliban solvers and their friends are invited to the next dinner of the Sphinx Club, to be held at Shelley's Club, 25 Cadogan Gardens, S.W.1. (one minute from Sloane Square Tube Station), next Thursday, Sept. 27th, at 7.0 for 7.30 p.m. Morning dress. Dinner will be followed by competitive games, and tables of contract bridge are also being arranged.

Applications for tickets (4*s.* 6*d.* per head, exclusive of drinks) should be sent to H. Phillips, The Smithy, Shenington, Banbury, Oxon, not later than Tuesday next.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s.* Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

Standards

It will soon be overcoat weather, which reminds us of a customer who once asked when we were going to advertise overcoats again, adding, before we could reply, that he was wearing one of two left him by his father and that his grandfather had also left him one! We hadn't the courage to ask whether his great-grandfather was still wearing his! But here we are with a word or two on overcoats.

The temptation to buy mass-produced goods grows and it is difficult to find an argument against bulk production of a number of things. But as regards clothes, neither mechanical ingenuity nor industrial organisation can alter the fact that no two men are exactly alike in shape or dimensions. Men who are content with clothes that more or less fit are undoubtedly better-served to-day than ever before, but the Goss brothers maintain that full and lasting satisfaction in tailoring can still only come from truly individual service. Men readily accept a lower standard in a mass-made garment than they would dream of accepting from their tailor. Perhaps this is because they expect it!

Overcoats make an excellent example. A good ready-made overcoat will look most attractive on its hanger, to all intent British and Best to the last button-hole. When it slips loosely over your shoulders, the salesman will smilingly remind you that an overcoat need not fit too exactly, in fact "a rather loose cut is the fashion to-day." A little persuasion, plus the attraction of being fixed up with so little trouble, and you walk out wondering why you ever bothered to have an overcoat made specially for you. Disillusionment follows in so many instances, and usually in such a short time, that the cases where we have heard of complete satisfaction in ready-made fitting are so few as to be the exceptions that prove the rule.

When you are being measured and fitted for clothes, note the number of measurements taken and the number of tests applied by the tailor in fitting. It needs no technical knowledge to see that ready-made tailoring at its best is but a poor substitute for first-class individual tailoring.

Finally on the question of costs. The best ready-mades can and do cost as much as, sometimes even more than, Goss clothes. This is chiefly because Goss charges are unusually low for what you are getting.

The economics of Goss tailoring are simple. Modest first-floor premises, no expensive shop front and cash arrangements with all customers, make possible a very reasonable scale of charges. The Goss brothers do the more important parts of the work themselves. A Goss lounge suit of the very best materials costs from Seven to Nine and a Half Guineas, whilst there is a wide range of thoroughly dependable materials costing no more than Six Guineas for a suit. Dress suits Eight to Twelve Guineas. Overcoats from Six Guineas. Whatever you pay, the standard of Goss tailoring is the same.

T. GOSS & COMPANY

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Tailoring

15 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1

Opposite Post Office Station *'Phone: City 7159*

"Even if I were given the chance, I would not return to the tobacco I used to smoke!....."

"I am now a regular smoker of your Punchbowle. When I "first came out here I was disappointed in not being able "to get the brand of Tobacco that I used to smoke in "England. I tried to accustom myself to several brands, until "one day I bought some Barneys 'Ideal.' Preferring a "stronger Tobacco, I tried 'Punchbowle'; since then I have "smoked nothing else. Even if I were given the chance, I "would not return to the Tobacco I used to smoke."

(The original letter from Sind India, can be inspected.)

. . . And another new Barneys smoker is made! We have been receiving letters similar to this for years. Men try Barneys—and like it. Then they go on smoking it—forswearing some other brand of Tobacco they have been smoking for years—in some cases for *twenty* years!

Only an outstandingly good Tobacco *could* do that. Barneys *is* good, uncommonly good. Cool, fragrant, even-burning, without the least suggestion of bite or harshness, never-varying in its satisfying charm . . . a tobacco which makes lasting friendship with discerning smokers of the pipe.

Barneys

BARNEYS IDEAL
In three strengths: 1/2*d. oz.*
Barneys (*medium*) suits the average smoker; Parsons Pleasure is *mild* . . . . for gentler palates and for the beginner-with-the-pipe; Punchbowle is *full strength*, strong, cool and *deeply* satisfying, much favoured by big men of Sport and Outdoors.

BARNEYS EMPIRE
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Barneys Empire meets that growing need for a *really* good Tobacco of unextravagant price. You will find it cool, long-lasting, pleasant in taste and aroma, truly satisfying and, generally, possessing characteristics usually associated with high-priced Tobaccos.

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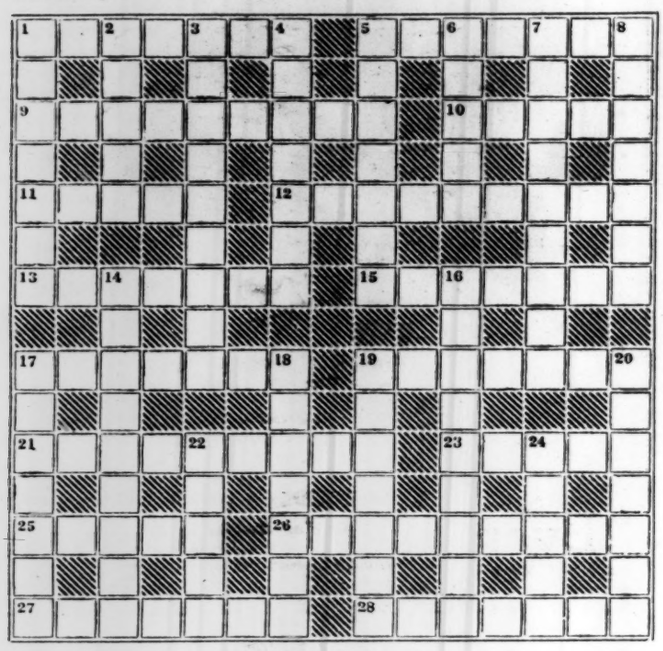
187

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 237

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is Mrs. Gardiner, Newlands, Kingston Gorse, Nr. Littlehampton.

ACROSS

1. Roofing material for wooden heads?
5. This do for adventure.
9. Warm fruit for a Napoleonic whiff.
10. A thousand on the scent.
11. Happening not shortly after Eve.
12. Backbreaking for a beast of burden.
13. Three more.
15. Seasonable pigmentation.
17. Of course this is dear meat.
19. Rocky hangers-on.
21. Where you find ham on sale at Oxford.
23. Samson's riddle lion.
25. Up through on top.
26. Region in which to meet nodding acquaintances?
27. He is to have tea before and after and a shilling at the end.
28. Frequently on board a steamer.

DOWN

1. They are often ringed to make impressions.
2. Stand here and sin not.
3. Innate, achieved or enforced.
4. It has human rungs.
5. "Cross-gartered, a fashion she ——."
6. Story teller of an uncle.
7. In the pause you bury before the duel is interrupted.
8. Fine victory on the sands.
14. Shrewd companion to Socrates.
16. What only the front rank has to do for drill.
17. By the way of course the railway so crosses the valley.
18. Necessary for cottoning on to materially.
19. What good capons make for justices.
20. Shanks's mare is evidently the saint's mount.
22. Beheaded negroes turn into monsters.
24. This touch of colour suits the Dean of St. Paul's to a T.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

P	S	A	L	M	I	S	T	■	S	T	A	C	K	S
L	■	C	■	O	■	O	■	■	■	I	■	O	■	I
A	L	C	O	H	O	L	■	B	L	E	N	D	E	D
I	■	O	■	A	■	A	■	O	■	R	■	F	■	E
D	R	U	M	M	E	R	B	O	Y	■	H	I	N	D
S	■	N	■	M	■	I	■	S	■	S	■	S	■	I
■	■	T	H	E	F	O	O	T	L	I	G	H	T	S
S	■	■	■	D	■	■	■	■	N	■	■	■	■	H
M	I	C	H	A	E	L	A	N	G	E	L	O	■	■
A	■	A	■	N	■	A	■	I	■	Q	■	U	■	G
R	U	B	Y	■	L	I	O	N	H	U	N	T	E	R
T	■	R	■	C	■	R	■	E	■	A	■	F	■	E
S	H	A	D	O	W	S	■	V	A	N	T	A	G	E
E	■	N	■	I	■	■	■	E	■	O	■	C	■	N
T	O	K	E	N	S	■	T	H	I	N	K	E	R	S

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3. What it will Know .. .. .. By Gerald Heard.
4. The Buildings it will Live in .. By E. Maxwell Fry.
5. How it will Amuse itself .. .. By Herbert Read.
6. Making the Prophecies come True.. Prof. Levy Sums Up.

534

LAUNCHING CEREMONY OF BRITAIN'S GIANT LINER AT CLYDEBANK WILL BE SPECIALLY DESCRIBED IN THURSDAY'S

News Chronicle

BY

J. B. PRIESTLEY

STARTING NEXT MONDAY IN THE

News Chronicle

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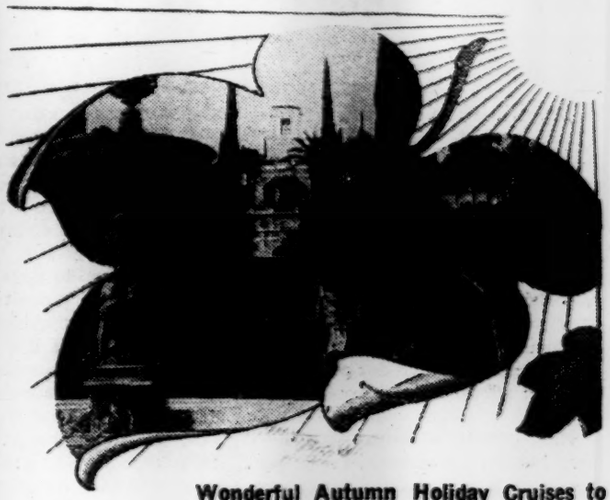

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Thirty copies of applications, which may be accompanied by copies of not less than three testimonials, references, or other credentials, should be forwarded to the undersigned to reach him not later than the 1st November, 1934.

It is desirable that the selected candidate should enter upon his duties on the 1st of January, 1935.

Further particulars may be obtained from
The University, Birmingham
C. G. BURTON, Secretary.

BEDALES SCHOOL, Petersfield, Hants.
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The School, founded in 1893 by J. H. Badley, the present Headmaster, is a boarding school, undenominational and coeducational.

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The names of three persons to whom reference may be made, but no testimonials, to be sent. Applications must be received not later than Oct. 13th, 1934, addressed to the SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNORS, Bedales School, Petersfield, Hants, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

EX-SCHOOLMISTRESS, 25, recently married, is barred from her profession, as children are, apparently, not considered safe in the care of teachers having first-hand knowledge of the facts of life. Anxious, however, to continue in some useful activity, she would be glad to take a suitable post. Experienced in teaching backward children; good musician. Box 589, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, September 23rd, at 11 a.m.
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